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CHRONICLE.

The French
Fleet.

THE great day of the feast at Portsmouth yesterday week was marred by excessively bad weather, but the programme—reviewing, dining, dancing—was carried out with spirit and apparent success, both then and subsequently. All things, except the weather, appear to have gone very well with the visit, and so happy was the countenance generally shown by protecting powers that, even so far off as Plymouth, H.M.S. *Phaëbe* was able to take a trial trip with no other casualty than four men not very severely burnt. Let us trust that this prosperity is not fallacious. On Tuesday, however, the sulkiness of the weather culminated in a downright storm, which prevented a hoped-for dance on board the French ships, kept many visitors to them and to their English consorts prisoners on board, and confined not a few liberty men from Admiral GÉRAVIS's squadron to shore. No serious damage, however, was done, and the squadron left Portsmouth for France on Wednesday morning, in finer, but still boisterous, weather, and with good content on both sides at the meeting. But it is not surprising that, when Admiral GÉRAVIS arrived at Cherbourg, he declined a reception, alleging that he "was very tired, and wanted to be quiet."

The Lewisham
Election.

The contest at Lewisham was decided on Wednesday in a very satisfactory way. Persons well acquainted with the constituency had not expected a majority of more than six or seven hundred, and there was probably no Tory who would not have joyfully compounded for a thousand. But Mr. PENN on a large poll beat his opponent by 1,693, nearly five hundred more than Lord LEWISHAM's majority of 1885, and only four hundred and fifty less than that which, in the full tide of the anti-Home Rule movement in 1886, Lord LEWISHAM obtained against a candidate infinitely weaker than Mr. WARMINGTON. The contrast between this result and that of the late Tory assault on Walsall is all the more marked that in both the seat was held.

Foreign
and Colonial
Affairs.

The remainder of the Manipur sentences were carried out last week by the deportation of the respited princes, and it was formally announced that Manipur itself would not be annexed, but a native ruler selected for it. It is to be hoped that the selection will be well made, and that the little State may relapse comfortably into its natural condition of polo and water parties. The full text of Lord Cross's letter to the Viceroy on the subject was published on Monday. The prosecution of the *Bangabasi* was continued. It most unfortunately failed, the jury disagreeing; and though the case was made a remanet to the next sessions, it is feared that a very bad effect has been produced.—Last week closed with news of a tremendous and fatal cyclone in Martinique, of a serious financial crisis in Portugal, and, lastly, of a bold stroke by the "Congressional" party in Chili for Valparaíso, where they collected all their ships and landed some ten thousand men. The actual attack had not then been made.—Rather stormy proceedings were reported from the Brussels Socialist Congress, which came to an end at last, having talked nonsense as per usual.—The principal item of Continental news on Monday was a report from Russia of still further intended measures against foreigners. Putting humanitarian considerations aside, political connoisseurs can only be obliged to Russia and the United States for providing them with experiments in *corpo*, let us say, *externo*, of a return to the earlier Japanese system.—On Monday night news of furious fighting outside Valparaíso was received. It was from one source only, and unconfirmed, but seemed to make it certain that the in-

vading "Congressionals," supported by their fleet, had, after a hard and bloody fight, discomfited the Balmacedists, despite the superiority of their number, and had passed the Aconcagua river, driving their foes back, but had afterwards found the entrenchments of Viña del Mar too hard for them. More news was looked for with interest during the earlier and middle days of the week, but did not arrive. The only direct telegraphic communication with Valparaíso being in the hands of the Balmacedists, it was thought, with some reason, that the lack of news at least testified to no very decided success on their part; and such information as arrived from Lima and Buenos Ayres had obviously to be taken with caution. At last, on Thursday evening, positive assertions were made by the Balmacedists that the invading force had been surrounded, defeated, and forced to surrender—assertions met by as positive denials from the other side, and somewhat curious when it is remembered that the decisive battle is said to have taken place two days earlier. No satisfactory confirmation or correction of the news had been received up to the time when the *Saturday Review* went to press. Considerable attention has also been paid to the alleged carrying of a large sum in silver for the Balmacedist party by H.M.S. *Espiegle*. Everybody knows that ships of war are allowed, in certain circumstances, to carry bullion; but it may seem as if the act in this case were not quite consistent with holding the scales even between the two parties now at issue. That the bullion in question was a special guarantee fund, and ought not to have been disturbed, is not perhaps a matter which concerned the British admiral or captain, being one of argument.—A memorial, alleging loss from the Behring Sea Agreement, has been forwarded to Lord SALISBURY by Canadian sealers.—In Continental politics proper the chief subject of comment has been some remarks of the German EMPEROR, at Merseburg, to the effect that it would not be his fault if peace were not maintained. This was a remark natural enough in connexion with the Russo-French demonstrations.

Ireland. There was less than the usual talk in Ireland on Sunday last; the chief exception being a

desperate attempt on the part of Mr. JOHN ROCHE, M.P., to keep up the fainting spirits of the Novo-Tipperarian. The stimulant administered chiefly consisted in abridging the hated names of "CLANRICARDE" and "SMITH-BARRY" of their "Lord" and "Mister," a proceeding which, as in the parallel case of schoolboys, appears to give a dread and inexplicable pleasure to Irishmen. The fight over the body, not of Patroclus, but, a very different thing, of the *Freeman's Journal*, began in Dublin on Thursday at a shareholders' meeting. It was not decided on that day, but it was shown that the GRAY-WALSH party which wishes to enslave the paper to the priests had an enormous majority of proxies and a great minority of persons.

Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, in a long and characteristically bumptious letter at the end of last week, let out part of that truth which, without his knowledge, we had just pointed out for him—to wit, that the labourers are to be supplied with capital by the country to buy land.—In a vast crowd of other correspondence a note by Admiral Sir LAMBTON LORRAINE on the *espigleria* which has so much troubled the City, and a vigorous letter from Lord GRIMTHORPE on hanging, may be singled out. Lord GRIMTHORPE is always pleasing. It is very agreeable to break his head when he is opposed to you; almost as much so to see him break the other fellow's when he is on your side. The most important letter of the week is a direct bribe from Mr. GLADSTONE to the agricultural labourer.

The British Association. The paper of the early days of the British Association was one by Mr. FOSTER BROWN reviving the old coal scare, but dealing with it in a novel fashion by proposing that we should insure Prince Posterity against empty scuttles by a sinking fund, keeping pace with the shafts sunk and destined to nationalize for him all industrial undertakings. The scheme is magnificent, but is it politics? Is it not rather a little suggestive of the celebrated virgin who sat down and wept to think of the woes of her unborn children? On the other hand, Professor BOYD DAWKINS has suggested an antidote in that much-talked-of continuation of the Belgian and French coal-field under the Straits of Dover, which is now at last pronounced a workable reality, and divers other heirs of the pie-crust Princess have rushed to suggest that, if we have no coal we can use oil—and doubtless, also, coke, matches, table legs, &c. Mrs. BISHOP, better known as Miss ISABELLA BIRD, gave an interesting account of her sojourn in the Bakhtiari country, a district of South-Western Persia, and the Congress, before separating, talked about sludge-cakes, electrical parcel exchanges, and that most potentially mischievous of hobbies, “instinctive criminality.”

Miscellaneous. The decision of the Local Government Board in the case of the Eastern Fever Hospital, which attracted so much attention in the spring, was made known this day week, and was very unfavourable to the hospital and its management.—The Incorporated Law Society added itself to the Congress list, by meeting at Plymouth.—The gale or storm above referred to as having interrupted the festivities of Portsmouth, did a great deal of harm in different parts of the country, wrecking ships and flower-shows, creating floods, and inflicting the most serious damage on the crops, which had up to that time suffered less than they otherwise might from the rain in consequence of the absence of wind.—Lord LORNE spoke at Bradford against Home Rule on Thursday.

Sport. The match between Surrey and Lancashire was left drawn this day week owing to the weather; which also caused Gloucestershire v. Middlesex and Notts v. Kent to be not so much unfinished as hardly begun. Somerset, on the other hand, were, without Mr. WOODS, able to beat a fair M.C.C. team by six wickets. Lancashire and Sussex, first of the counties, finished their season of first-class matches on Tuesday, the bowling of MOLD and BRIGGS winning the match easily for Lancashire. Yorkshire v. Kent and Gloucestershire v. Notts were both drawn on Wednesday in consequence of the rain, but Middlesex had time decisively, and in one innings, to beat Somerset, who, however, had much the worst of the luck, as far as the condition of the wicket was concerned. All cricket on Thursday was stopped by the rain.—The most noteworthy thing in yachting during the week was the Torbay Regatta on Tuesday, which was sailed out in a full gale. On such occasions the yawl rig has a great advantage, and the race is rather to the staunch than to the swift. So Lord DESART's yawl *Rose of Devon* beat the *Lethe*, luckiest of her rig during the season hitherto. But the usual group of racing twenties made a good fight of it, the *Siola* yielding hardly to the *Dragon*.—The autumn turf season opened with very bad weather at York on Tuesday. The chief event, the Prince of Wales's Plate, went to Colonel NORTH's *El Diablo*, while Lord DURHAM's *Tinsel* took the Zetland Stakes, and Mr. JAMES's *Charm* won the Yorkshire Oaks very well indeed. The Ebor Handicap next day was well contested by a good field, and well won by Lord ROSSLYN's *Buccaneer*. On Thursday Mr. HOULDSWORTH's *Orvieto* won the Great Yorkshire Stakes in the hollowest way from The Hudson, his only opponent, and Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD's *Galloping Queen* acted up to her name in the Harewood Handicap. Easy wins, indeed, were the rule throughout, the Prince of Wales's Plate winner being practically distanced by Mr. JOICEY's *Therapia* in the Gimcrack Stakes.

Obituary. The short list of English dukes was shortened further last week by the death, at the age of eighty-eight, of the Duke of CLEVELAND, whose heir succeeds to the barony of Barnard, but not to the dukedom. The late Duke, who represented the names of VANE and POWLETT, and by the latter way another extinct dukedom, that of Bolton, had been a diplomatist and a Member of Parliament in his younger days, and was both a great and a good landlord.—The death of

Mr. RAIKES, somewhat suddenly, owing to disease of the brain, makes vacant at once one of the most coveted of seats in Parliament, that for the University of Cambridge, and an office of great importance, though troublesome, and peculiarly exposed to unpopularity and worrying. It also deprives the Government and the Conservative party of one of the ablest and most energetic of politicians who had not yet attained Cabinet rank. Mr. RAIKES was not universally popular, being a little wanting in tact; but he was a most excellent man of business, an effective speaker, a very sound Churchman and politician, and totally free from cant.—By a curious coincidence, the death of OKO JUMBO has very closely followed that of his inveterate antagonist JA JA. Whether the chief felt that a world without JA JA to fight with was not worth living in, it is impossible to say; but believers in old wives' fables (and there are worse things to believe in) will be confirmed in the theory that long association—whether in love or hate, in business or pleasure—twists the threads of life in some inexplicable way, so that ATROPOS cannot sever one without the other parting soon.—Mr. PAULSEN was a chess-player of note.—By General WHICHOTE's death at the age of ninety-seven we have lost almost the last officer who fought at Waterloo. Moreover, unlike many, perhaps most, Waterloo officers, the General had served right through WELLINGTON's great advance across the Peninsula and in all the principal battles and sieges which marked it.—Canon CARUS was one of the very last survivors of the old Evangelical party, of which he may almost be said to have seen, though not the rise, the flourishing time, the decay, and the death. He was personally much respected, was a fair scholar and a preacher of merit, though, as was the case with most of his party, neither extreme theological erudition nor great intellectual power was his forte.

THE FRENCH SHIPS AT SPITHEAD.

THE formal leave-taking of Admiral GÉRAVIS made a graceful ending to the visit of the French Squadron. On the whole, and in spite of strenuous efforts on the part of the weather, its stay in English waters has been a great success. The storm of Tuesday night imprisoned many of the guests on board the *Marengo* and the *Marceau*, and even condemned several English officers to spend some hours in the steam launches with their feet in puddles of salt water. They were worse off than the French liberty men who were provided for on board the *Duke of Wellington*, when it was found that they could not be taken off to Spithead. But this and a few other unlucky hitches have not been able to spoil the meeting of the Squadrons. If French and English are alike not wholly sorry that the feast is over, it is because the first have had a surfeit of festivity since they entered the Baltic; and the second are now able to enjoy the leave which rewards them for the toil of the late manoeuvres. The speech-making, which has been frequent, was not copious, and has been in good taste, and we are able to boast that our own Admiral FISHER has shown an apt audacity of compliment most appropriate to the circumstances in which he spoke. Admiral GÉRAVIS's few words were as well chosen as was to be expected from a gentleman who belongs to a profession which has now two representatives in the Academy. HER MAJESTY's attentions to her guests have been received in a spirit which has no doubt filled the breasts of MM. LAUR and MILLEVOYE with gloomy despair. It has been said (and also denied) that the French have offered to play us a return match at Cherbourg; and so we part with the most friendly sentiments.

Of the French ships, considered in themselves, the most permanent recollection which will remain with those who saw them is one of extreme ugliness, due partly to their fantastic shapes, overburdened with top-hamper, and prickly with excrescences, and partly to their colour. This last feature is, indeed, extraordinary and memorable. It is to be noted that some difficulty has been found by correspondents in saying what exactly it is. French newspapermen call it *grisâtre*, and English French grey. In fact, it is drab, and the official name of it is *toile mouillée*. The object of painting, not only the hulls, but the spars, guns, boats, and anchors in this tone is to make them, so it is said, less visible. Under some conditions this may be its effect; but from whatever point they were seen when at Spithead, they appeared distinctly more visible than the black hulls, white upper works, and terracotta funnels

or spars of the Channel Squadron. Admiral GERVAIS's squadron is not considered by the French as an example of what their fleet would be in war. The *Marengo* is a vessel which ranks, in point of strength, below our own five-masters, which are now "obsolete." The *Furieux* is a coast defence ship of a class which the French have found by experiment to be unfitted for work at sea. She carries a heavy armament, but is so built up that she would be a most excellent target; and though powerfully plated in parts is vulnerable in others. The *Marceau* is a sea-going vessel much younger than the *Marengo*, which, by the way, is of wood, armour-plated, and was launched in '87. She is considered as a complete example of a modern battleship. She is certainly a monument of ingenuity of a sort which is very common in all navies in these days. The two main features of the vessel are her thick armour—18 inches on the water-line—and the unprotected position of her armament. Her guns, whether in her turrets or her central battery, are so placed that they could be overpowered and made incapable of working even if her belt were untouched. The engineers who designed her apparently fixed their attention alone on the danger of sinking, and forgot that a vessel may be rendered unable to fight or fly either, though still capable of floating. This kind of oversight is not confined to the French navy, and perhaps is not so much an oversight as an inevitable defect in times when guns have got so completely the better of plates. Still the fact remains that the powerful protection of the *Marceau* on the water line leaves her still liable to be riddled in the batteries by very moderate ordnance, and her great guns interfere with her small. In short the attempt to make her powerful for offence and defence has still left her vulnerable. The builders of the *Marceau* may ask in reply of what great modern warship as much may not be said; and we do not know what retort could be made to them. The most extraordinary in appearance of the French ships is the *Surcouf*, which has been described as a long covered passage with pepper castor turrets built on a gigantic cigar. She is a cruiser, and is said to be very quick, but she looks, when her height and the weight she carries on her deck are considered, as if she must roll abominably. The two torpedo boats are pretty craft of their kind, but it was probably well for them that they were in the dockyard, and not at Spithead last Tuesday night. It is an ironical comment on the value of modern ships with their armoured belts and machine guns, that if the weather had been half as rough on Wednesday as it was during the night before, Admiral GERVAIS would hardly have cared to take several of his ships to sea with him.

AT VALPARAISO.

VERY seldom has it been so difficult to make certain of the past and so impossible to anticipate the future as in regard to the fighting which has been going on round Valparaiso for the last week. Its earlier history seems to be tolerably certain in general outline. The Congressionalists, finding that the mere possession of the Northern provinces brought them no nearer to final success, and perhaps also wishing to anticipate the arrival of the two new *Almirantes*, which might deprive them of their naval supremacy, put from eight to ten thousand men on board all the ships they could muster, and made for Quintero Bay, some miles north of Valparaiso. The original programme seems to have been that the ships should attack the town while the landed troops engaged the Balmacedist army. But the Congressional fleet is not of the newest, and the Valparaiso forts are heavily armed; so the fleet confined itself to protecting the flank of the invaders. In the first action, at the passage of the Aconcagua river, this help appears to have been most effective, and the Balmacedists were heavily beaten. But they retreated on the lines of Viña del Mar, a little north of the city itself; and here it would seem, though it is mostly guesswork, the tables were to some extent turned. The fire of the ships was no longer available to help; the attacking party were too weak in numbers to "divide and circumvent," and the attempt to rush entrenchments manned by steady troops, armed with weapons of precision, has seldom succeeded in recent war. But this negative conclusion was all that could be positively reached so late as Thursday afternoon. All the later telegrams were wildly confusing. On the one hand BALMACEDA was said to be calling in reinforcements, to

have increased his army to twenty thousand men, and to be meditating a counter attack on his enemies; on the other hand, those enemies were said to be about to strike a final blow at him, or (so utterly loose was the thing) to have fetched a compass round Valparaiso, to be on the way to attack Santiago the capital, &c., &c. Finally, on Thursday afternoon a round assertion by the Balmacedists—who appear to be masters of the direct telegraphic communication—that the invaders had been defeated and compelled to surrender on Tuesday, was met, on the other side, by an equally round assertion of fresh fighting with favourable results to the "Congressionalists" on Wednesday.

We are in the worse position for judging between these contradictory assertions, that even the earlier accounts of the war, and of the insurrection, have been exceedingly meagre and grudging. If, as has been confidently asserted, BALMACEDA has been terrorizing Santiago and all other places under his rule, it is difficult to suppose that the presence of a large, a well-armed, and a victorious, if only half-victorious, army of deliverers would not provoke some movement. The more the Dictator strengthens himself at the seaport, the more must he denude the capital. But then, as is very well known, we are assured on the other side that Señor BALMACEDA is the mildest mannered man that ever—let us say that ever regarded his enemies from the point of view of a South American Dictator—that they all love him in Santiago, and indeed in Chili, except a sort of half-foreign oligarchs who have got up an insurrection, PITR-et-COUBERT-like, with their accursed gold. As to which, all that can be said is that the said oligarchs are evidently neither afraid to play the great game nor unable to get men to back them in playing it. Their descent at Quintero is one of the boldest things of recent warfare, and deserved to succeed. It is true, there is a nasty churlish maxim, based upon no little warranty of military scripture, to the effect that if attempts like this do not succeed out of hand, or very shortly, they are but too likely not to succeed at all. But unless General DEL CASTO has already surrendered, or unless he has allowed his retreat to his ships to be cut off (which the Balmacedist account asserts), he ought at worst to be able to save his army, while another Balmacedist defeat would certainly put Valparaiso, and possibly all Chili, at the insurgents' feet. In which case his Excellency Señor BALMACEDA is exceedingly likely to have to learn the lesson he has taught to many—how to look down the muzzles of a file of rifles. If, on the other hand, the accounts of his own partisans are correct, he will be able to exercise his teaching on a probably rather hideous scale.

THE LONGFORD HOLBEIN

WE have now for some years been able to point with just pride to our National Gallery as being, for the purposes for which such an institution exists, the finest in Europe. It contains examples of the greatest number of different artists. Every picture has been selected on its merits. There is no accumulation of rubbish. The fact of a picture appearing on the wall is in itself proof that it is worth looking at. Only two blanks appeared till lately in the list of great artists represented. We had no ALBERT DÜRER, and only a HOLBEIN on loan. Now, though we are still without a DÜRER, we have a HOLBEIN, and a good one. As to DÜRER, two things are to be said. Pictures of his are exceedingly rare, and very seldom good. His painting was not equal to his engraving. But the HOLBEIN had latterly become a necessity. To have the finest gallery in the world and not to have a picture by the man whom most of us look back to as the founder of English portraiture was an anomaly. True, HOLBEIN was an importation. He was not an Englishman. And there was an English school of art before his time, one which lasted after him. Nevertheless, in a representative English gallery a HOLBEIN was indispensable, and now we may congratulate ourselves on the possession, not only of a picture by the great master, but of one of the best examples of his skill. So much we knew when we first saw "The Ambassadors"; but no one could have suspected that, under the heavy brown shadows of the background, there lurked a wealth and harmony of colour worthy of VAN EYCK himself—a richness and finish of detail such as we may safely assert has never been excelled in any other picture, either by this or another master. This has come out in the process of cleaning, to which some

of us looked with certain feelings of alarm. But the old days of cleaning at the National Gallery are over. We need have had no misgivings. Care and skill have combined to clear up what was dark, and to bring out in its proper place what was light. We see now, not the harmony only of which we have spoken, but also a rare example of keeping, a quality which in its unregenerate days had disappeared from the picture. The clearing away of the darkness of old varnish in the corners has brought new features to light, the principal of which is a silver crucifix above the head of the principal figure. The pattern of the hangings, too, comes well out, and some of the writing in the choir book, which last, by the way, has given rise to a curious surmise. It seems that the *Veni Creator* hymn visible on a page has been taken as proof that "The Ambassadors" were not Protestants. But Mr. BROWN BORTHWICK, in a letter to the *Times*, points out very justly that this has always been a Protestant hymn, and he records an occasion on which, in 1519, it was sung by the assembly of German reformers at Leipsic. The words Protestant and Romanist had not, however, come into their modern use at the time. It would be as wrong to call ERASMUS a Protestant as his friend Sir THOMAS MORE. One thing the cleaning has not done for us. It has given us no further clue to the identity of the two figures. Mr. WALTER MONEY, under the impression apparently that the richly dressed figure wears the Order of the Garter, would call him JOHN BAPTIST CASTIGLIONE, the ambassador from the Duke of URBINO to HENRY VIII. But the gentleman in the picture wears the French Order of St. MICHAEL, not the Garter. CASTIGLIONE died in 1529, which is too early for the date of this picture. HOLBEIN was back in England in 1530, and "The Ambassadors" is dated three years later. This disposes of Mr. MONEY's theory. We must find some one who was a Knight of St. MICHAEL, who was born in 1504, and who was alive in 1533. On the whole, the WYATT and LELAND theory still holds the field. We have not seen the name of Lord MOUNTJOY mentioned, yet in some respects his age and his employments in France may fit the exigencies of the case. However, the fact remains that the National Gallery now possesses a picture by HOLBEIN which is second to no other, and that people who only saw it before it was cleaned have no idea of its transcendent merits.

CANADIAN SCANDALS.

IT is not only the fact that they are still the subject of a more or less judicial inquiry which makes the Canadian scandals a somewhat ticklish subject to handle. They are decidedly confused, and, as reported here, rather hard to follow. The one thing which is certain is that Mr. TAITE's charges against Sir HECTOR LANGEVIN have been as the letting out of water. There has been an absolute torrent of accusations of bribe giving and bribe taking. They affect officials of all ranks and both parties. Ministers of the Dominion, and of this or the other province, are accused of accepting pots of wine from contractors. The ark of the modern covenant has not escaped contamination. The Civil Service examinations have been shown to be vitiated by corruption. Young men have actually, so it is confidently reported, "surreptitiously secured written copies of promotion papers in advance, by which means (as it is rather superfluously added) they were able to prepare themselves thoroughly for that examination." It was naturally for just this purpose that copies would be sought for. One clerk has "admitted having obtained questions from a printer in the Government Printing Bureau, who copied them in shorthand. The printer received 50 dols. for this service." These things have happened not only at Ottawa, but at Montreal, and have led to suspensions. By the side of the horrible discovery that even a Civil Service Examination is not an absolute protection against corruption, it is, perhaps, a trifle that Government officials pocket cheques. This is a mere individual sin; but the sophistication of examinations deprives the wisest of modern men of their dearest hope, and must harrow their most tender feelings. Still, it is said, and since they have dismissed the offenders the authorities must believe it, that certain officials have had the expenses of their families' summer holiday regularly paid by contractors. Others have levied blackmail as coolly and systematically as any ROB ROY. One most exalted official is reported to have been involved with a lady-clerk in his department. The lady-clerk received frequent

spells of leave of absence, during which her pay was continued, and her place taken by a niece. It was quite a family affair of the most approved old-fashioned order. A parallel not exact, but approximately complete, may be found in one of our own reports of the disorders of the dockyards, from which it appears that one storekeeper was allowed to keep pigs in the Government biscuit magazine, while his wife had a marine-store shop at the door of the yard. These are but a few of the tales which are now greatly exciting public opinion in Canada.

It would be the merest affectation to pass all this over merely because the Privileges and Elections Committee at Ottawa has not yet come to a decision. The scandal touches not only officials but politicians of the standing of Sir HECTOR LANGEVIN and Mr. MERCIER. There may be a want of charity in us, but the misfortunes of this latter gentleman leave us very calm. It is not so long ago since he was delighting French audiences by talk which was all but treasonable, was ranting about the desire of Canada for the perilous dignity of independence, and was insulting the memory of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who had the wickedness to rule by corruption. To-day he stands accused of accepting houses and seal-skin coats, and of taking a commission from the Jesuits for helping them to recover their land. This last charge is discountenanced by the Fathers, but the Society of Jesus is not so destitute of the wisdom of the serpent as to care to figure as having given bribes. It will be seen that the mud covers both sides, Conservative and Liberal, while neither has yet succeeded in wiping itself clean. We do not wish to prejudice the case against Sir HECTOR LANGEVIN, but his denials, though emphatic enough in general terms, are weakened by most damaging admissions. A gentleman who has to confess that he accepted accommodation from persons who were interested in corruption, that he does not remember whether a certain sum of 1,000 dollars was paid him, that he never enquired whether personal obligations of his were discharged for him or not, and that large sums were unduly paid out of his department without his knowledge, stands in a very serious position. Sir HECTOR does not deny that he was embarrassed in his private affairs, and lived in the society of, and accepted pecuniary aid from, persons who were both able and willing to bribe him, and interested in doing it. Mr. MERCIER, again, has undeniably accepted "testimonials" which took the form of hard cash, whether he did or did not levy that contribution on the Jesuits which the *True Witness*, an authorized Roman Catholic paper, accuses him of extorting. As for the case of Mr. MCGREEVY, he has decided that by betaking himself to the United States. Since he has reached the safe side of Niagara, he has indeed expressed his perfect readiness to face inquiry. His firmness would have appeared in him with a better grace if it had been shown before he was out of reach of a SPEAKER'S warrant. It is not to be denied that all the charges brought have a certain air of antecedent probability. Granted that there is corruption in Canada, it would certainly be shown in the way alleged. The taking of bribes from contractors is just what one would expect to happen. When, then, we hear that railway Companies and canal Companies have confessed that they gave money to agents of politicians; when contractors swear that they discussed the amount of their tenders with these same politicians; when men of business swear reluctantly that they were asked for money on behalf of noted men; when these same noted men openly acknowledge that they did take money for political purposes, it is impossible to doubt that the Canadians have not been far wrong in their belief, which is of old standing, that corruption was rife among their political leaders as well as in offices.

But, indeed, there is hardly even an affectation of denial on the part of the accused public men that corruption does exist. The utmost they endeavour to do is to argue that the bribes were taken for "political purposes," not for their personal advantage. The whole tone of Sir HECTOR LANGEVIN's apology, and of all that has been said during the inquiry, goes to show that in Canada, though it would be allowed to be wrong to pocket sums of thousands of dollars for one's personal use, it is perfectly fair to bleed a railway company or a firm of contractors for money to be spent in corrupting the constituencies. Of course, we do not pretend that the distinction is one which was first made by the Canadians. On the contrary, it is as old as bribery and corruption. But because it is old, this code of morality is not the more honourable, nor the less dangerous. Where it prevails, as it avowedly does in Canada, we expect to hear of politicians who accept testimonials in hard cash, and of

officials whose palms are greased. Not the least interesting feature of it all is that it is found to flourish in the midst of a democratic community. It is again a matter of course that we see nothing new in the fact. All democratic communities have men at least as much subject to corruption as others, and much more subject to vulgarity than any. Still it is amusing at the end of some generations of assertion that the government of the people by the people will prevent the spoliation of the public funds, to find that a community in which his ideal is supposed to have been reached is subject to "exploitation" of the most wholesale and impudent character. In America, on both sides of Niagara, constitutional government is conducted by bribery. The United States lavishes bribes under the name of pensions to the more or less authentic veterans of the Civil War, and their more or less authentic families. In Canada funds are provided for the "campaign" by giving favourable contracts to speculators in return for money down. In both real power is in the hand of cliques. The popular indignation excited by the so-called revelations would be pathetic if it were not known that the existence of this state of things had been notorious for years. The story of Mr. MERCIER's dealings with the Jesuits had been the talk of the streets for long before it was published by the *True Witness*. Whether well founded or not, the general acceptance it has received shows what opinion the Canadians entertain of the politician they are supposed to choose to govern them. This choice is a mere supposition, for the selection of candidates is plainly in the hands of small knots of wire-pullers, who again are supplied with the funds needed for the "campaign" by knots of business men who are seeking their own interest and are prepared to sink money in assisting politicians in consideration of receiving concessions which amply repay them at the public expense. This is the spectacle presented by the United States and Canada alike. In both countries the more hopeful critics are wont to maintain that explosions of public indignation such as broke up the Tammany Ring—for a time—and may now punish the detected sinners in Canada, purify the air. Perhaps they do, though against this purification must be set off the permanent degradation of government which they produce. But these hopeful critics do not sufficiently realise how severely the necessity for these periodical clearances condemns their form of government. Democracy has certainly not been found to favour the production of a high standard of statesmanship, or of manners in the conduct of public affairs. If it does not promote honesty, what has it to show for itself? The tardy indignation of Canada has been provoked by a vulgar incident of party warfare. That it will produce any cleansing of public life other than a very temporary one is highly improbable. The temptations will remain, and the men, and the opportunity when public attention has turned to other things, and it is reasonable to suppose that they will among them produce the same results with superficial changes.

"LURE."

TO play "tricks upon travellers" is popularly considered a decidedly hazardous kind of game. Travellers are supposed to be "immune"—as the biologists say—by reason of their experience, which, like a bitter inoculation, serves to protect them. There are, however, certain modern and very superior authorities who detect in the phrase something of veiled sarcasm, something that hints at the susceptibility of the travelled to all manner of impostures. Those who are of this school of thought will be refreshed by the artless confession of "A Traveller," who relates, in the columns of the *Times*, his experience of the new game of "Lure," and how he entertained a party of lurers unawares. "The game is a very simple one," he remarks, with woeful disregard of his important share in it; it is clear, also, that "A Traveller" is a very simple one, though possibly very young, and decidedly very amiable. "Lure" is played in railway trains, or any public place. No cards or counters, tables or pegs, are necessary. The game was played upon "A Traveller" in a first-class carriage by a party of two young gentlemen and three young ladies, whom the well-conducted traveller took to be brothers and sisters. In tones of perfect breeding they conversed. Their conversation was not of the kind that could be called exciting, or mysterious, or thrilling. They talked of a parcel they wished to leave at a certain station. The attentive traveller

thought it was only civil to inform them that they had long since passed that station, whereupon he was courteously thanked, and the gentleman who had first spoken of the parcel proceeded to make a mark on his cuff with a pencil. Then one of the sisters asked one of the brothers the time. This blameless request led to a gentle disputation as to the hour of the day, until the kind heart of "A Traveller" was moved to pity by the fearful and wild inaccuracy of their guesses. As none of them appeared to own a watch, he told them what he thought they really wished to know. Once more they thanked him profusely, and the sister marked her cuff with her pencil. Their ignorance of the route was extraordinary. They proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of the courteous stranger, who, though "a man of few words" by nature, failed not to set them right on each point of discussion. Whenever he played Biedeker to their ignorance, they responded with thanks and cuff and pencil, "or scored something down elsewhere." The final phase of these odd proceedings was the division of some money among themselves. Such is the new game of "Lure." These young ladies and gentlemen were the lurers. "A Traveller" was the lured one. One of the players starts a conversation among themselves on the weather of the day before yesterday, the time of day, the name of the next railway station but four, or some other alluring problem such as no traveller can reasonably resist, with the view of inducing that traveller to intervene. The stakes are what they will. If the lure succeeds, the starter is paid; if it fails, the players are paid. If the lured one answers wrong, the starter is paid double. All the players are bound to support the starter. And these are the chief rules that govern the game, according to him who fell a victim to the lurers.

We observe with some concern, that "A Traveller" does not give the source of this information. "I learnt this afterwards," is his touching and somewhat superfluous remark. How he learned, as a player, we know; but we do not know of whom he acquired the rules. It could not have been of the lurers themselves. Base, indeed, was the lurer who enlightened the lured. Then there is that mysterious supplementary score of "something elsewhere." Did they, when cuffs were full up, take to collars? All new games are susceptible of improvement and require stringent rules. The division of the stakes, for example, in the presence of the lured was a needless piece of audacity which wise lurers would do well not to repeat. Their success with "A Traveller" may have justified this hardy stroke. It was magnificent, but it was scarcely pure "Lure." They must not count upon a run of such luck. The warning letter of "A Traveller" may create obstacles to the free pursuit of the simple game by arousing a spirit of suspicion that may quench the notorious loquacity of English travellers. Nothing is easier than for a party of three or five passengers to resolve themselves into a band of lurers. The simple game, as we now know it, they may be perfectly competent to play; but the simple traveller who will play not less perfectly as the lured one, requires for the finding the nicest powers of selection. Not every courteous, solitary gentleman, seated in the corner of a first-class carriage, benevolent of aspect, grace in his face and the *Gentle Life* in his hand, can be expected to play the unconscious part in the game so admirably as "A Traveller" played it. "Lure" may yet be played on the old simple lines for a season or two, but in the future it must become more complex and expand by ingenious developments, or it will certainly perish. There is already the danger of the willing, or sham lured person, who might confound the conversation of the players and make the starter start. He could proceed to lure the lurers in some dark way, till the simple game degenerates to an extravaganza in "bluff." Thus it would be impossible to realize the whimsical notion of the unconscious player in a game for which he is sole referee. The humour of "Lure" lies in the involuntary share in the game of the voluntary lured. Let all skilled lurers take warning. If they would successfully play the game, they must elaborate their method, devise new rules, multiply their "openings," and make specious their ignorance by cultivating the American language or the English of foreigners. They will be compelled to respond to the awakened intelligence of travellers. "Lure," like whist, must be an intolerable game, unless, as it chanced when "A Traveller" entertained the two young gentlemen and their three sisters, all who play it are competent and willing to play.

LEWISHAM.

THE result of the Lewisham election is quite satisfactory enough for Unionists to allow them to give indulgent treatment to Gladstonian attempts at self-consolation in regard to it. Mr. PENN has defeated Mr. WARMINGTON by 1,693 votes, in a contest in which the Conservative poll is between seven and eight hundred higher than at the election of 1886. That appears to us good enough. It seems hardly necessary, on our side at any rate—though we can understand that the exercise may yield comfort to our adversaries—to institute any comparison between last Wednesday's contest and that of 1885. If Lord LEWISHAM's majority was a good deal smaller in that year than in 1886, and if Mr. PENN's majority has fallen half-way from the higher of the two figures to the lower, that need hardly give us much concern. The increase on the Unionist poll absolutely precludes the notion of any conversion to the cause of Home Rule. Probably some abstentionist Liberals of 1886 have returned to the fold, while on the other hand the impassioned appeals which have been, perhaps, somewhat superfluously addressed to the Lewisham Conservatives are possibly the cause of their coming up to the poll in greater strength than in 1886. One Gladstonian critic is certainly to be consoled with on their activity—we mean the newspaper satirist of last Thursday morning, who had got all his jokes ready about the Unionists of Lewisham preferring shrimps at Margate to the integrity of the Empire, and had to give them off under the chagrin of the discovery that the Unionists of Lewisham, on the contrary, prefer the integrity of the Empire to shrimps at Margate. Parenthetically we may ask here why the Radical should permit himself to speak slightly of a watering-place which, after all, is not exclusively patronized by suburban "villadom," but is surely a haunt beloved, if any ever was, before all others, by the "toiling masses of the people."

Had it not been for those "analysts" who have, as a matter of fact, managed to say something about the result of this election, we should have thought that there really was nothing to be said about it. Writers on law, in despair of framing a scientifically accurate definition of "felony," have had to resort to the humiliating expedient of enumerating all the offences which are felonies in fact, and there leaving the matter. A good many by-elections would be far more sensibly treated by simply setting out their figures than by attempting to construct some general proposition applicable to their results. When one has said that 4,585 electors voted for Mr. PENN last Wednesday, and 2,892 for Mr. WARMINGTON; that 3,839 voted for Lord LEWISHAM in 1886, and 1,688 for Mr. OFFOR; and that there were so many votes for the Conservative and so many for the Liberal candidate in the previous year, there really does not seem much more to add. The Conservative beat the Liberal handsomely for Lewisham six years ago, he beat him still more handsomely five years ago, he beat him again less handsomely, but still handsomely enough (and more handsomely than six years ago) three days ago, and the strong presumption is therefore that he will beat him yet again more or less handsomely, if indeed he comes up again, "smiling" or otherwise, for fresh punishment in 1892 or 1893. Can anything be added to that? We should have thought not, but it seems that the subject is thought worth a column—which, however, is not a high measure of value at this season of the year—by the journalistic guide, philosopher, and friend of the Gladstonian party in London; and although this has been eked out, as we have said, by the shrimps and Margate joke, which, like the pump and tub of Mr. VINCENT CRUMPLES, was there and had to be used, it still leaves one admiringly wondering how it was done. Nor is the mere feat of extracting so long an article from the subject, the only one that challenges our admiration. The writer has done what the *Times* of the same date thought would "tax his ingenuity" to the utmost. He feels no "ignorant impatience" of this kind of taxation, and has discovered in the Lewisham contest that "moral victory," which his journalistic colleague thought impossible to be discerned. It is, says this Gladstonian critic, a moral victory, which may be set off against that of Walsall. And at the same time, almost in an adjoining column, a light-hearted fellow-contributor jeers merrily at "moral victories," as "our friends" the Tories call them. These be among the unconscious and indeed involuntary humours of the newspaper press in the dull season.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

OF the two important pieces of Indian news, or news concerning India, which came to hand at the end of last week and the beginning of this, the failure of the prosecution of the *Bangabasi* is incomparably the most serious. Lord CROSS's clear and well-arranged despatch to the VICEROY in the Manipur business summarizes after the official fashion, but in a useful enough way, the earlier phases of that disastrous affair; but it tells us nothing that we did not know before. The steps by which Mr. QUINTON's expedition became, or was thought to have become, necessary are but of little interest now, and the conclusion to which the Government had come as to the point of arrest in Durbar was already known from statements in Parliament. But as to what is really interesting, the complicated and inexplicable muddle which began with the original composition and armament of the escort, and did not, we fear, quite cease with the treacherous murders that have just been avenged—as to this we are still waiting to know. Moreover, Lord CROSS gives nearly the broadest hint possible to official decorum that he, too, is waiting to know, and would be extremely obliged if the VICEROY would wake his Inquiry Committee up. For our part we cannot conceive any reason or excuse for the delay except—which is a reason going to discredit, and an excuse going to aggravation—the hope that public opinion may forget all about the matter. This, if we can help it, it shall not do.

The *Bangabasi* business is a different and a very bad one. Juries have, of course, disagreed often enough even in political matters in England. But this should itself have been a reason against introducing the jury system—and, to make matters worse, the mixed jury system—in political matters in India. The natives, we are told, "evidently" "mistook the result for an acquittal," and they would have been very odd natives if they had done anything else. Even in this happy land the natives are exceedingly wont to make the same mistake—so much so that the failure of a political prosecution through the disagreement of the jury is always, and with practical if not technical accuracy, taken as a slap in the face to the Government which has set the prosecution on foot. Now it cannot be too often repeated, in the teeth of pseudo-Liberal cant, that we cannot afford to have our Indian Government slapped in the face. The natives evidently misunderstand such slaps in the same way as, and in a further and more disastrous degree than, that in which they misunderstood the discharge of the disagreeing jury in Calcutta. All Orientals, and not Orientals only, would do so; and even if next sessions a better jury is got together the mischief will not be undone. Acquittal or further disagreement will be taken as more than ever a sign that the Government is impotent, and even condemnation will be interpreted as a mere vindictive and tyrannical procuring of a punishment which could not be procured by fair means. And the *Bangabasi* deserved most exemplary punishment. Its counsel, Mr. JACKSON, took the bull by the horns ingeniously enough and contended that the impugned articles were such extravagant and drivelling nonsense, such "twaddle," such "erratic raving," that they were beneath serious notice. In England this argument might hold good, though we rather doubt its wisdom even here. In India, and in all countries situated as India is, it is utterly worthless and mischievous. When the main subject under comment is intimately connected with religion (it was the Age of Consent Bill), when the comment itself contains assertions that justice is bought and sold in English courts, and when we remember the temper which, at such places as Benares, is always breaking out into more or less actual riot, it is difficult to say that raving is not much more dangerous than reason. But this is not the real point. That point is that a Government situated as is the Indian Government ought not to be supplied with weapons likely to break in its hand; and a jury, especially a mixed jury, in such a case as this, is a weapon which is only too likely to break.

MR. RAIKES.

ANOTHER instance of the untimely close of a career which a fuller measure of success might very well have awaited was furnished last week by the death of Mr. RAIKES. The life of a man who can attain in this

country to Parliamentary and official honours needs, generally speaking, to be so "good," and as a matter of fact is in most cases so prolonged, that its termination at any earlier age than sixty usually occasions some surprise; and the late Postmaster-General had not left even his fiftieth year very far behind him. Hence, no doubt, the popular disposition to find some special and, if it might be, sensational cause for his somewhat sudden and unexpected decease. One of these so-called explanations has already been rejected by the family of the departed Minister, and another required perhaps no other refutation than the circumstances of its origin. Mr. RAIKES's death was not due, we now know, to the "nervous shock resulting from a slight stroke of lightning"; nor did he come by his end through "fighting with the public." It was his lot to assume the control of a somewhat contentious department in particularly contentious times; and he had—sometimes, though perhaps not always, through no fault of his own—his full share of contentions, during his five years of office. But though his administration has certainly not been altogether free from errors, he showed qualities of courage and tenacity which, in the day when official muscle runs in general so distressingly soft, are of more value than impeccable judgment. He must be admitted to have held his own in all his encounters—to have drawn every battle that he did not win; and it is not a little amusing to observe that the theory of his fights having proved fatal is the invention of those who suffered the most signal and ignominious defeats at his hands. When, moreover, we add that he was about the last man in the world to take his official battles, whether he won or lost them, too seriously to heart, we need not hesitate to conclude that his days, even if they had been passed in the simple condition of a country gentleman, would not necessarily have been prolonged.

We have said that a fuller measure of success might have been reserved for him had his career been prolonged, and by that we mean that his undeniable powers might possibly in the course of time have triumphed over the obstacles interposed to his advancement by his defects. That he had, intellectually speaking, as much claim to a seat in the Cabinet as most of its existing members, and distinctly more than one or two of them, would hardly be disputed by any competent judge. No one who ever heard him on his defence in the House of Commons could have had any doubt either as to his high abilities, or as to the reason why they had hitherto failed to win him a higher place. One could equally well understand why his colleagues must have admired his skill as a debater, and why they preferred that he should exercise it from outside the Cabinet than from within it. It is not, indeed, absolutely necessary that a Cabinet Minister should be able to conciliate opponents, but it is highly desirable that, if he cannot, he should be able to quell them. It was Mr. RAIKES's misfortune, or his fault, that he irritated even when he convinced, and that if he silenced he failed to subdue. Even in the most technically successful efforts of his advocacy he seldom, or never, had his audience with him. One of the few instances to the contrary was on the famous occasion when Mr. CONYBEARE attacked the administration of the Post Office, with much parade, but "without his notes." On this occasion Mr. RAIKES, as might have been expected, made a delightful example of his assailant; but to say that the sympathies of the House were with the defence is, in this instance, to say little, since it would have been difficult to find any member of that assembly, official or unofficial, who would not have enjoyed a similar advantage.

To what cause his failure to win the goodwill of a Parliamentary audience is to be attributed, it would always, perhaps, have been difficult to determine, and might now, no doubt, seem ungracious to inquire. One can readily, however, accept the assurance of those who were intimate with him that what appeared to be his ungenial characteristics belonged to his manner and not to his nature. There is abundance of testimony to the genuine kindness and amiability of his disposition, and that the demeanour which struck people as supercilious in his public utterances produced no such impression in the intercourse of private life. And, to whatever extent these external defects of his may have detracted from his efficiency and usefulness, there can be no question of the loss which in more ways than one his party has sustained by his death. He was an able and industrious administrator, a Parliamentary debater of no mean ability, an indefatigable and eminently

successful labourer in the work of party organization, and a Tory who held Tory principles with a logical consistency, and upheld them with a moral intrepidity which seem unhappily to be becoming rarer among us every day.

JUKES AGAIN.

A MEETING of the British Association would hardly be complete if one of the estimable persons who frequent it had not held forth on the proper way of dealing with what Mr. CARLYLE called the Devil's Elect. Dr. S. A. K. STRAHAN has been the man for the hour this year. Not that Dr. S. A. K. STRAHAN talked about the Devil's Elect. He used the more polite and highly scientific term "instinctive criminals." It is, we presume, hardly necessary to inform our readers of what Dr. STRAHAN said at any length. The criminal on instinct has been a very favourite excuse for a book at home and abroad for years. We all know in the main what is said about him—the pompous repetition of old commonplaces with new names, and of new guesses at old unsolved riddles, which is ticketed "Heredity," is nauseously familiar. So is the platitude that severity has failed, as is proved by the survival of criminals in spite of gaols, the cat, and the gallows. Which of us has not heard that, considering the failure of all attempts to stamp out crime, it would be better to go to the source, and reform the criminal class? The hereditary criminal is an object of pity. All criminals are more or less hereditary—measure their noses and you will see it, says Dr. LOMBROSO. Let us seclude them kindly, says Dr. STRAHAN, work on their higher nature, as is done at Elmira; let their instinctive criminality be held to qualify them for the receipt of a gratuitous University education, and when we have blunted the edge of their evil passions let us turn them loose and see what will happen. This, Dr. STRAHAN thinks, will be cheaper than our present prison system—and infinitely more worthy of the loving kindness we owe our brother the instinctive criminal.

It is still more superfluous for us to inform the world that the *Saturday Review* has not agreed with Dr. STRAHAN. His eloquent speech has not converted us—but rather the contrary. A careful reading of the Doctor's arguments has increased our unbelief in his remedy. We note that he does not deny the existence of criminals proper, of persons who take "to anti-social ways" without the excuse of a drunken grandfather or an improper aunt. With them he is inclined to think that the method most excellently described by Mr. BOMPAS as making punishment painful, may answer. But he upholds the University education system as the proper one for our old acquaintances, the JUKES, and that remarkable family whose records were hunted up by STOCKER of Berlin. They are criminals because they cannot help it, and are therefore entitled to a comfortable existence at the public expense, and the most tender consideration. We fear that some difficulty would be found in making the distinction. Dr. STRAHAN should tell us what amount of criminality in our pedigree would qualify us for his happy home. Would the forger who descended from a second cousin of MACPHERSON or IRELAND be entitled to plead instinctive criminality, while his fellow-forger, whose pedigree was unblemished, would be left to the punishment which is painful? But there is another and more serious weak spot in the Doctor's doctrine. He urges us to get rid of the "doctrine of free will." We do. We give it up; and then we come to the conviction that Dr. STRAHAN's method of kindness must needs be useless. As his client cannot help being a criminal, he will be no more likely to abstain from crime for love than for fear. Before giving up the freedom of the will, we might, indeed, ask the Doctor to define it. Is the JUKES who decides to abstain from robbery with violence rather than incur thirty lashes free in his will or not? We are not aware that anybody, for a long time past, has maintained that the will is free to act without a determining motive. If the fear of the lash is motive enough to induce JUKES to abstain from robbery with violence, it has justified its existence. To be sure, Dr. STRAHAN replies that the lash has been tried and has failed. When he has shown that crime is no more common where there is no coercion than where there is, he will find that position easier to defend. Dr. STRAHAN does not believe, wholly in the method of kindness. He is prepared to seclude the

criminal on instinct who cannot reform for good—when he has had a sufficient interval given him in which to prove himself incorrigible—and to propagate his kind. We have a more effective, and, we think, a more scientific remedy. It is to seize upon all the JUKES in the country, and extinguish them painlessly. Stone-dead hath no fellow and no children. The worst of it is that, on the proper application of Dr. STRAHAN's principles, it would be necessary to effect a massacre from which it is to be feared that some weak-minded people might shrink. Poverty, he shows, causes people to sink into the instinctive criminal class. Obviously, therefore, everybody guilty of being too poor must be, according to the Doctor, secluded, and, as we maintain, painlessly extinguished. In that way the evil would be stopped at its very source. It is to be feared, however, that since ROBESPIERRE came to his untimely end no statesman has possessed the enlightened courage to apply this sole effective remedy. Yet if the JUKES cannot help being criminals, and are incapable of being influenced by fear or hope, as the Doctor says they are, what else is to be done with them? So, through maudlin sentimentality, and that loose play with statistics and heaps of disconnected facts which is called science, we come quite naturally to the necessity for a sweeping application of the good old simple remedy of capital punishment. By those gates you always come to that end.

THE FIGHT FOR THE FREEMAN.

WE were unhappily right in anticipating that the dispute about the future conduct and policy of the *Freeman's Journal* would not add as much to the gaiety of nations as the earlier ruction in the office of *United Ireland*. "Young Mr. GRAY" has resolved to proceed strictly "within the lines of the Constitution," and seeks to evict the present Board of Directors of the *Freeman* by proxies rather than by pokers. At the moment of writing the great issue was not yet decided, and the meeting of the shareholders, which assembled on Thursday, had adjourned without coming to a final decision until the following day. The proceedings, however, had even thus far been interesting, from the fact that the preponderance of shareholders present and voting was overwhelmingly in one direction, and that of represented value overwhelmingly in the other. Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON moved an amendment to Mr. GRAY's vote of censure upon the Directors, and had it defeated on a show of hands by 31 to 12; but the 31 represented only 1,196 shares among them, while the 12 hands grasped 129 proxies, which together stood for 15,529 shares. Still, this has nothing to say to the question of the number of shareholders for whom Mr. GRAY speaks, and for all that appears their proportion to the whole body that may very well have been indicated accurately enough in the show of hands. A curious circumstance had, at any rate, been brought to light at an earlier stage of the meeting when, upon Mr. GRAY boasting that he stood there as the representative of 16,000 out of 25,000 shares, the Secretary was requested to state how many of these 16,000 shares were "held by the GRAY family and the two Archbishops," whereupon it appeared that the GRAYS and their Graces held among them upwards of 12,000 shares. It seems not improbable, therefore, that "value" is going to override, if it has not already overridden "numbers" among the shareholders in the concern; that Mr. GRAY's assertion that the "majority of the proprietors of the Company are opposed to the Parnellite policy of the Directors," must be received with caution. We suspect that the numerical bulk of them belong to that very large class of persons to whose address Mr. BYRNE of the *Freeman* editorial staff directed the searching question, "Which of you objects to your 10 per cent. dividend?" This is an inquiry by which the average shareholder in all companies is "touched" as "nearly" as was the Governor of Tilbury Fort by the mention of a thousand pounds.

The possibility of asking it, or rather of earning the dividend to ask it about, appears a sufficient answer to the assertion of Mr. THOMAS FLANAGAN, that "the whole Irish race are against the present policy of the paper." Or, if it does not answer that question, it would afford the gratifying assurance to Englishmen that the whole Irish race care so little about the Home Rule wrangle that they can be Anti-Parnellites in political theory, and at the same time handsomely support a Parnellite paper in practice. We

should be very glad to believe, on Mr. FLANAGAN's authority, that this is the case; though, to be sure, it would invalidate his conclusion that the maintenance of the present policy of the *Freeman* would prove fatal, not only to that journal, but also to the great movement which was to raise their country to the position to which they all desired to see her raised. Meanwhile it will be interesting, from the journalistic point of view, to watch the future development of this movement against the present policy of the most prosperous newspaper in Ireland. If the Anti-Parnellites succeed in carrying it over, bag and baggage, into their own camp, it will put the *National Press* in a somewhat uncomfortable position. No wonder the conductors of that journal have been giving somewhat petulant expression to the opinion that "young Mr. GRAY" ought to have made up his young mind sooner, or not at all. He ought to have made it up, so far as the proprietary of the *National Press* is concerned, before that organ was started at all; and it certainly does seem rather hard that he should now propose to take the bread out of the new-comer's mouth. Really, the least he could do would be to run the older paper on the principle devised by an ingenious French journalist some years ago, and indeed adopted under stress of circumstances for a few days by the *Freeman* itself—that of publishing articles by "eminent hands" on each side, or even both sides, of the question.

DARTMOOR.

"THE rain it raineth every day," has been the appropriate motto for Dartmoor, or, to give it its own pronunciation, Dart-e-moor, for long past. Rain there is that is picturesque, and even inspiring as a difficulty to be overcome, and a certain amount of rain "issued in sheets" may be endured without grumbling; but when it comes to day after day of rain as thick as, and much more "practicable" than, WAGNER's steam-curtains, then patience is apt to become the merest show, if even the show is kept up. Therefore is it that there was but little regret at leaving the open moor for the Western Law Courts, in Plymouth on Wednesday, there to hear what was being transacted at the meeting of the Incorporated Law Society. With one of the transactions, the paper on "The Rights of Common," read by Mr. PERCIVAL BIRKETT, solicitor to the Commons Preservation Society, dwellers on Dartmoor were, of course, specially concerned. The sub-title of Mr. BIRKETT's paper, "A Plea for the Repeal of the Statute of Merton" will at once indicate its nature and scope. (It may be remembered that "the immediate repeal" of this statute was recommended by the Select Committee of 1865.)

Mr. BIRKETT, differing from many authorities, supported the view that "all commons and waste lands are relics of moorland belonging to the nation—unreclaimed lands, pure and simple—from which everybody, without distinction of tenure, took whatever was of use to him, whether food for live stock, or litter, fuel, or wood for use upon his own cultivated property." This is in direct opposition to "the legal theory," and Mr. BIRKETT characterized the beginning of Mr. SCRUTTON's work, in support of that theory, as "a complete fallacy." As to this we may have more to say in detail and from a technical point of view on a future occasion; for the present let us briefly note some of the steps which led Mr. BIRKETT to his conclusion and peroration. Mr. BIRKETT, referring to the fact that the title to Dartmoor, having been always in the hands of the Crown or the PRINCE OF WALES, is unbroken from the time of King JOHN to now, went on to say that it was shown from documentary evidence that "from all time the forest proper has been used by a class of commoners living in contact, and that a wide fringe of the waste, locally called the commons of Devon, has been used by anybody from any part of the county of Devon." He went on to quote from MANWOOD, to support his contention, that "there is no justification for the legal theory, and the law admits that this is so in permitting the most palpable evasion of its principles." This is, perhaps, not perfectly logical, and the following illustration, in which Mr. BIRKETT boldly asserted what "the Court" would hold in a purely hypothetical case, had perhaps a touch of rashness. "The idea," Mr. BIRKETT continued, "that the wastes were vested in him who held away in a given area having once been admitted by the law, it is not a great stride of the imagination to assume that

"the owner must be taken to have granted rights whose origin could not, even in those early days, be accounted for." Does one, in such a matter, care to rely upon a stride, or even a faltering step, of the imagination? Coming on to the Statute of Merton, Mr. BIRKETT said he had always looked upon it as in the nature of an Inclosure Act (which had been taken advantage of forthwith) of the period—a time when there was so much waste land that it was for the general good that "some portion" should be brought into cultivation. Things, he said—and here no one will contradict him—are not the same now as they were then, and he finally called for the repeal of the Statute as "a standing menace to the quiet of the neighbourhood of every common, a fruitful source of expensive litigation, and an anomaly as regards recent legislation."

As we have said, we are not now concerned to go into the merits of the disputed legal and historical points raised by Mr. BIRKETT. Let us rather express to him our gratitude, which all true lovers of Dartmoor will share, for having directed special attention, in a very interesting paper, to that most glorious of "commons." That, though now for some years past a wary eye has been kept upon the interest of commoners, attention as close as ever is still needed is a matter beyond doubt or dispute. The Dartmoor Preservation Society has lately put a stopper on certain threatened inclosures, and may be trusted to go on with the good work whenever occasion arises. One curious mystery, however, cannot well be dealt with. It is not known—as it is supposed, to any one—what the exact rights of the Duchy are. And how exactly the Duchy exercises these veiled rights from time to time is known only to a very few people. And they won't tell.

BARON AND FEME.

MR. TURNER, of the Incorporated Law Society, has read a sensible paper at the meeting of that body on the law of husband and wife, especially as affected not so much by the decision in the *Clitheroe* case as by the state of the law to which that case was merely the means of calling attention. Like all men who are neither pedants or milkshops on the one hand, nor bullies or blusterers on the other hand, Mr. TURNER reviews the case of *ex parte* EMILY JACKSON with an evident feeling that the learned judges who decided that case have pushed certain truths of legal theory to conclusions in the domain of practical conduct which it was not in the least necessary to their decision to lay down—hence giving occasion to the milkshop or pedant as aforesaid to exalt his horn, and to the bully and blusterer in the opposite camp to reply after his kind. The contentious heresies of these persons were never more than mere darkening of counsel, and now that they have ceased, and that we have been able to forgive those luminaries of the law who gratuitously gave occasion to them, the question is seen to remain very much in the same position as it always occupied. That is to say, we must "take it" as an accepted starting-point that the wife is no longer, in the strict sense, a wife at all, and that her affection, the natural submission of the weaker to the stronger, the ties of children, and in many cases the very practical consideration that the husband is the bread-winner, constitute all the forces that he can bring into play. They are very powerful forces, but they have for some time received no strength or sanction from the law of England.

On the other hand, the following consequences follow. Having regard to the fact that law has relaxed the husband's control over his wife's person and fortune, bit by bit, until legally it has left him nothing but the power to prevent her, if he is so disposed and arrives in time, from jumping out of the window, it is high time to alter laws which have rested for their foundation on the assumption of a legal control that no longer exists. These laws are:—(1) The restrictions hampering the right of recourse against a married woman's separate estate to answer her contract obligations; (2) the liability of a husband in respect of his wife's torts; and (3) the obligation of a husband to his wife when his wife has disclaimed all obligation to him. The only question which arises on these recommendations is one which was suggested by a speaker who followed, and who denied that a husband is at present liable for the torts of his wife. We may content ourselves at the moment with saying that, if he is, beyond question he ought not to be.

THE FINANCIAL ASPECTS OF GAME-PRESERVING.

IT often surprises us that crotchety and speculative people, who like to try to make their land pay by any method except the ordinary one of agriculture, and would prefer that it should produce jam, jelly, tobacco, or anything in this world rather than beef, mutton, cheese, and butter, do not turn their attention more to game- or rabbit-farming. That they would lose money if they undertook either is likely enough; but this they are doing, and have done already, by their other fads and fancies, and under certain conditions it is not impossible that they might find the systematic preservation of game or rabbits more profitable, or at least less ruinous, than some of their previous experiments. It seems an anomaly that, while the custom of setting apart large tracts of ground, either wholly or partially, for the preservation of game is recognized as a prudent as well as a lucrative proceeding in Scotland, it is regarded as a luxury or a folly, and sometimes as both, in England. It is very true that many of the most valuable Highland forests would be worth far less as sheep-farms, and that some grouse-moors carry both grouse and sheep, and thus return a double rent; yet in certain localities and circumstances there are lands in England also which might, perhaps, let for higher rents as game-preserves than as farms; there are spaces here and there which would make higher returns as rabbit-warrens or rabbit-farms than as agricultural holdings, and there are unquestionably many properties which, like those in the Highlands, might be made to yield an excellent sporting rent as well as a good farming rent.

The shooting of a certain estate, the agricultural rental of which was valued in the Domesday Book of 1875 at 9,695*l.* a year—a rental that must have been considerably reduced since that date, unless the property is very different to most others in England—was let with the mansion for two months last season at 4,000 guineas. It is but fair to say that the expenses connected with the preservation of game on this property during the other ten months of the year must have been very heavy; but, even if we were to put them at so high a figure as a thousand guineas, a very satisfactory balance would remain. To spend a large sum in game-preserving would answer very well if rents of this kind could be obtained. This particular rent may, or may not be, the highest ever given for an English shooting; we freely admit that the estate as it stands is quite an exceptional one so far as its stock of game and arrangements for shooting are concerned, and that no man in England understands either the science of rearing game or the art of killing it better than its owner; at the same time very large rentals have been given for other pheasant-shootings on not a few occasions, and so long as the practice of developing and letting shootings does not become so general as to make the supply greater than the demand, we think that considerable profits might be made by "high-preserving" on English estates, adapted by nature and circumstances to the purpose and having either a good house on them, or, what some tenants would prefer, a comfortable hotel within easy reach. Nor do we consider that good returns in this respect would be confined to large properties. On the contrary, there are far more people who could afford to take small shootings than large ones. The four things essential to success are—first, that the soil, covers, and tillage of the estate should be well suited for game-preserving; secondly, that the owners of the adjoining properties should preserve well and act as honourable gentlemen and sportsmen; thirdly, that it should be easily reached, we do not say necessarily from London, but from Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, or some other large town; and, fourthly, that it should be well stocked with game. The latter is, perhaps, the most important condition of all. People sometimes complain that they cannot let their shootings, forgetting that they have never done much to raise a head of game upon them. The main expenses of game-rearing are keepers' wages, and food for the game—the latter outlay slightly exceeding the former, as a rule. Where, however, many extra night-watchers are necessary, the balance may lie the other way. "Sundries" make a particularly large item in the cost of game-preserving. A shooting is chiefly valued according to the bags which have already been made upon it, and those who wish to get high rentals ought to spare no pains to be able to show good returns in the shape of lists of game killed during at least one previous season.

The development of the game upon an estate not only raises its annual rental, but also increases its saleable value. A property in a central position, with a fair house and first-rate shooting, will generally find a purchaser, even if its other attractions are limited. An important point to be remembered, again, is that while rents of farms have decreased of late years, rents of shootings have increased. Then when we come to compare the comparative expenses of improving a property for agricultural purposes with those of improving it for sport, the latter appear

very small. The judicious outlay of an extra 500*l.* a year on raising the head of game on a large estate for two or three years, may, in some instances, convert it from a very poor shooting into an excellent and most valuable one, whereas the same amount spent on farm-buildings would go a very little way towards increasing its agricultural value. Nor do we think that we are at all exaggerating in saying that cases are conceivable in which the investment of such a sum in game-preserving would raise the total rental (sporting and agricultural added together) by fifty per cent., while, if laid out on "estate improvements," in the ordinary acceptance of the expression, it would not raise it by five. As an instance of the large proportion which the sporting rent of an estate may sometimes bear in comparison with its agricultural rent, we may give that of a property in the Eastern counties, of which the latter rental is about 1,200*l.* and the former has several times been 1,000*l.*

Game-preservers sometimes dispute the question whether high-preserving pays to an owner who does not let his shooting. It is pretty safe to say that on this point, as on most others, very much depends upon circumstances. Very many men are the abject slaves of their head-keepers, and such men will most certainly never coin money by game-preserving. There are few, if any, higher authorities on the subject than Lord Walsingham; and, in the volume on *Shooting*, in the "Badminton Library," he says:—"It is certain that, with favourable soil, good coverts, fair neighbours, honest keepers, and good management"—a pretty lengthy list of conditions, be it observed—"the artificial rearing of pheasants ought to prove remunerative from a pecuniary point of view, leaving out the question of sport"; and he adds that on a certain large estate, "until the quantity of pheasants reared was increased, the value of the game killed in a season never covered the expenses, whereas under the existing system it undoubtedly does." Unfortunately, the recent and present deplorable decrease in the number of hares, which cost little or nothing extra to rear (as the keepers who look after the pheasants and partridges necessarily serve for taking care of the hares), has reduced the value of "game totals" on many estates to an alarming extent. Although we could prove an equally sad case from statistics much nearer home, we prefer to quote once more from Lord Walsingham, who shows that, on a manor where the value of the hares killed was 570*l.* in the season 1865-6, it had fallen as low as 182*l.* in that of 1881-2; and this cannot have been owing to any relaxation of vigilance on the part of the keepers, as nearly twice as many pheasants were killed in the latter season as in the former. Until a Bill enjoining a close time for hares is passed, and has had time to take effect, the stock of hares throughout the country is likely still further to diminish. In making an estimate in regard to a shooting it is necessary, in most cases, to allow for a very large amount of game for presents to farmers, and even cottagers. The co-operation, or at least the goodwill, of the farmers and the labourers on the estate, if not also on the lands immediately adjoining it, is all-important in game-preserving; and liberal presents of game are the best means of securing it. These, of course, greatly reduce the profits; but they cannot well be avoided if a large head of game is desired. Moreover, those who kill great quantities of game are tempted to give a great deal of it away; and that does not pay, however estimable such a practice may appear in the minds of the receivers. Even on this point, nevertheless, a definite rule cannot be laid down. For instance, it costs no more to send a certain value in game to a hospital than to send it in money; and many other cases having much in common with this one might be quoted.

With regard to rabbit-warrens, there is no greater authority than Mr. Price, of Rhiwlas, on whose shooting 5,096 rabbits were once killed in a single day by eight guns, and in his book on the subject his statistics appear to show that, on a well-managed warren of something over three hundred acres, a profit ought to be made. The balance-sheet which he gives of another warren, less than half its size, is not so favourable. "There is, at all events," says he, "one argument in favour of shooting warrens which must not be overlooked. They are far cheaper than pheasant-rearing; even if you lose some money over them, you do not lose very much; and, as to the other—well! I 'could a tale unfold.'" This remark, by a man who has given considerable attention to rearing a large head of pheasants, should have its due weight with those who may be considering certain questions already mooted in this article. He adds that, "as a monetary speculation, these rabbit preserves cannot be recommended to any prudent man." In his opinion, rabbit-farming, with movable hutches of the pattern designed by Major Morant, pays infinitely better than a warren. These hutches, 5 ft. by 2 ft. for the breeding does and 6 ft. by 3 ft. for young rabbits, have a wooden house at one end, the remainder consisting of a roofed frame, with wire-netting at the end, sides, and bottom. They should be moved two or three times a day, and the rabbits of course get fresh herbage to eat

through the netting at the bottom, at each move. "The hutches follow cattle, sheep, or the scythe," and "their food is paid for by the quantity of hay or clover produced the next season off the ground they have come over." Mr. Price believes that before long "the urban poulterer will look to the farmer for a weekly supply of young rabbits, and order the quantity he requires just as naturally" as he now "looks to him for mutton, eggs, or butter." It is worth while to quote Mr. Price on one other point in connexion with game-preserving. He says:—"Could the moors in North Wales be only kept, as is done in Scotland"—although by no means universally, he should have added—"free from sheep, the grouse-shooting in the Principality would very soon equal, if it did not surpass, the most favoured districts of Caledonia."

The main points to be considered before deciding whether it is worth while to spend much time, attention, or money in rearing game on any estate, are its soil and situation, and where both are suitable, the rest should depend chiefly upon good management, but in some measure upon luck also. We fear that at best high game-preserving must be more or less speculative. Nevertheless, we believe that the income of some English properties might be very greatly increased if their owners chose to raise good heads of game upon them and then let the shooting; the latter, however, must obviously be an inevitable condition. Unfortunately, as a rule, only those who are very fond of shooting thoroughly understand how to produce it in perfection, and those who are very fond of shooting are not fond of letting it for the amusement of others.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

PHILANTHROPY should rejoice in national progress anywhere, and assuredly we do not grudge to Germany its growth in prosperity. But the elderly tourist must sorrowfully admit that the industrial enterprise of the North Germans has been playing the mischief with the romance of the Rhine. For half a century and more it has been the fashion to sneer at Rhineland as nothing better than a cockney playground; but there never was a greater mistake. Of course, nineteen continental tourists in twenty had seen something of it, because the river was a highroad that led everywhere. But for almost all of them the country was really a *terra incognita*, as was significantly shown by the fact that most of the smaller towns were hotelless. The stray sojourner had to make the best of some old-fashioned and odiferous inns, with an aboriginal *cuisine* and a despotic landlord, which perpetuated something of the mediæval traditions that have been stereotyped in "Anne of Geierstein" and "The Cloister and the Hearth." The picturesque side-valleys and even the foot-tracks on the lofty terraces overhanging the river were seldom trodden by a stranger's foot. Amateur artists aspiring to contribute to *The Illustrated* would venture occasionally into these solitudes, and were always richly rewarded. There were churches with remarkable apses in Romanesque, and castles on secluded heights, invisible from the Rhine, with Saracenic architectural fantasies in battlement and tower which crusading barons had brought home as *souvenirs* of Palestine. The angler might wander up some stream or brook from mouth to source, through copses melodious in the spring with singing birds, casting his flies here and there in the swift rush or the swirl of the dark mill-pool, for the lively trout or the more sluggish grayling. The streams are running now as they used to run, but the pools are poached or netted for the neighbouring *pension* or hydropathic establishment, and the moss-grown mills may probably have given place to some many-storied structure which poisons the water with deleterious chemicals. Nothing, for example, was prettier or pleasanter than the quiet Aar valley, with its primitive old towns and their quaint and venerable gateways. Now the prosperous Apollinaris Company, with its fleets of shallow steamers, has made the valley the seat of a busy industry. We are bound to say that the Apollinaris people have been benefactors to the gouty and dyspeptic, and it would be well if we had nothing worse to complain of than their wonderful works. But the whole course of what used to be called the castled Rhine now looks like the lower Thames, and smells like Shoreditch or Bermondsey. We see a panoramic development of all the more offensive trades and guilds of the middle ages. Formerly the Rhenish industries were mainly concentrated in the flourishing principality of Wied, colonized originally by the hard-working Moravians, or they had been carried on from time immemorial in primitive fashion, as in the manufacture of the mill-stones at Nieder-Mendig. Now the steamer carries you through volumes of smoke, between a double line of cloth-mills, chemical works, lime-kilns, and brickfields—of everything, in fact, that is lucrative, unwholesome, and prosaic. Nor does the evil end there. The spirited proprietors of these

enterprises have been rapidly growing rich, and have been housing themselves as befits their rising fortunes. They have been transmogrifying and adding to venerable castles; they have been running up sumptuous mansions of the florid composite order in the suburbs of the cities, and one of the most audacious of the *nouveaux riches* has actually seated himself on the summit of the castled crag of the Drachenfels. After that sort of thing it would be as hypercritical as idle to protest against the Government cutting up the country for the exigencies of national defence. Indeed, the circles of detached forts around Mayence and Coblenz blend rather happily with the broken ground; and the *glacis* in the sequestered poplar groves, on the *enceinte* of Cologne, give character and colour to an otherwise tame and monotonous landscape.

But as to Cologne itself! Nowhere has the besom of destructive change made a cleaner or more melancholy sweep. We love the city for the sake of auld langsyne; but when revisiting it, we always feel as the Antiquary might have felt if Miss Grizzel and Jeanie Rintherout had been left free to work their will in his cherished sanctum. Old Cologne was the pre-Renaissance Rome of the North, a city undescrated by the builder, the radical, or the sanitarian. The best hotels looked out upon the Rhine on the one side; on the other, are the narrowest and most unsavoury of ruinous lanes. The streets with their narrow strips of pavement were irrigated by open sewers; the stench in the sultry season, when tourists came thick, were as rich and as rare as the imaginative fancy of Coleridge described them. Piety and patriotism notwithstanding, the cathedral of the pre-eminently Catholic city had fallen into picturesque disrepair. You were glorified by a swelling sense of munificent patronage when you dropped a groschen or two into the verger's plate for its restoration. It did not seem as if the townsfolk could do much to help, for the only apparent business was in *eau de Cologne* and most villanous cigars. The wonderful variety of ancient churches, dedicated to obscure and forgotten saints, were reached by deserted streets, or through grass-grown squares. The peace and the silence were scarcely greater behind the crumbling walls of the pauperized convents. It was only the garrison of crack regiments that kept things going and the tread of the square-shouldered soldiers across the bridge of boats. We need not say how all has been revolutionized since Cologne became a great railway centre. The building of that neat caravanserai, the *Hôtel du Nord*, was the result and the symbol of the revolution. Cologne has embanked the Rhine, building winter docks and ice-havens. It has broken out of its girdle of old walls—more is the pity—and has launched out in lines of magnificent boulevards, protected by heavily-armed forts on the limits of the horizon. Building sites have been going up to fabulous values. The clergy have been enriched by the offerings of the grateful, for everyone has been making money hand over hand, and nobody has any reason to complain, except the landlords of hotels that have been left comparatively high and dry, and the pilgrim to the city of the Three Kings, who went in quest of the historical and the mediæval. As for Bonn, in the shadows of the Krenzberg and the Seven Mountains, it is no longer the quiet university town, where spectated youths, guarded by gigantic boarhounds, had small opportunity for being led off their legs, though they might smoke their nerves into fiddle-strings or drink themselves into drowsies. Given over to the mercies of the speculative builder, it prides itself on being a centre of cultivated society, and consequently its *pensions* swarm with golden-haired and blue-eyed sirens. Coblenz is more like what it used to be; but we should have said that back-of-the-world Trèves had been altogether brought into the world by the great Luxemburg line and the other railways had it not been for the solemn proceedings of last week. The show of the Holy Coat would seem more like an anachronism were it not that, in an age of advertising, it brings grist to the episcopal mill; but, if we did not shrink from treading debateable ground, we should say there was nothing like such superstition for giving an impulse to scepticism. As we remember Trèves when it was only accessible by the high roads or the swift and shallow Moselle, the city its citizens declared to be the oldest in the West seemed the very spot for a treasure-house of musty relics. Though the red-stone of that veritable "red land" was friable, time had dealt gently by the Cathedral and the Black Gate with its imported materials, and with many another memorial of the lingering past. The journey to Trèves was doubtful and difficult; one steamed up the rapid Moselle, with the odds considerably in favour of being stranded in the summer droughts; and it was by no means an easy place to get away from, for the steamer which undertook to do the down voyage in a single day took time by the forelock and started at sunrise. By far the pleasantest and most satisfactory plan was to sling a knapsack and walk. At the modest little Baths and other halting-places you not only found yourself in friendly company, but often stumbled on agreeable brands of the *Mosel-*

wein, which you were prepared to enjoy with a genial thirst, without giving the *prononcé* bouquet time to pall. Then, we believe the more ordinary wines of the Rhine and Moselle were either consumed at home or exported as what they were. Now they are consigned in large quantities to Hamburg as a foundation for spiritualized ports and sherries and remarkable clarets with a body. A more honest manufacture is that of the Rhenish champagne, which is by no means a disagreeable tippie, and which has made the fortunes of some of the richest citizens of Mayence. And that old archiepiscopal city, like David Copperfield, has grown out of knowledge. The railway that ran between the houses and the Rhine bank, landing you at a station in the same street with your hotel, might have been something of a nuisance, had not the burghers been well accustomed to be lulled to sleep by the steam whistles. But at the new station, situated a long Sabbath day's journey into the country, you feel as if you had been cast adrift at Tadmor in the Wilderness, and consequently, steeling your senses against the temptations of *brasseries* and beer-gardens, and turning your back on the superb *Dom Kirche* with its many monuments, you deem it prudent to give the go-by to modernized Mayence.

RACING.

SINCE we last wrote upon racing, the greatest event, so far as two-year-olds are concerned, has been the appearance in public of the much-talked-of Orme, the Duke of Westminster's bay colt by Ormonde out of Angelica. He has much of his sire's appearance, both in colour and in shape, especially in his shoulders, his long, high-set quarters, and his manner of galloping. The critics, however, as a rule, do not think that he will ever be as big a horse as Ormonde, either in height or width, and one of his hocks is curby. In his first race, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, he rather disappointed his admirers by only beating Flyaway, at 9 lbs., by three-quarters of a length, swerving slightly, and coming into collision with that filly at the finish. Dunure had beaten Flyaway by a head at Ascot, at even weights, and Goldfinch had run her to a head at Newmarket, also at even weights; but, in his second race at Goodwood, Orme gave Dunure 3 lbs. and beat him in a canter by a length, and his excellence was further confirmed, a fortnight later, by the style in which Flyaway won the Kempton Park International Breeders' Stakes, when giving weight to all her opponents. Orme won 2,862*l.* in his two races: it is generally considered that he has shown the best two-year-old form of the year, which may well be the case, and, considering that Goldfinch is a roarer, he is probably the best colt that has yet run in public; but his public form with Flyaway is little, if at all, better than that of Goldfinch at the weights, and, although he can be made out to be her superior, through their relative form with Dunure, it is more than doubtful whether the race in which Dunure beat Flyaway, at Ascot, can be taken as true running. Very seldom has one trainer such a strong string of two-year-olds as that of John Porter, which includes Orme, Goldfinch, La Flèche, Windgall, and Polyglot, who have already won more than 11,000*l.* in stakes between them. Of these, La Flèche has not yet been beaten, and has won 2,215*l.* in stakes towards repaying the 5,500 guineas which she cost as a yearling. Among other two-year-olds, Mr. N. Fenwick's Gossoon, a very nice dark-brown colt by Galopin, has done well lately by winning the Findon Stakes at Goodwood and the Astley Stakes at Lewes, the only races for which he has started. Mr. Abington's chestnut colt Halsbury, who had only run once when he won the Great Kingston Two Year Old Plate at Sandown, came out at Windsor and won the Berkshire Plate. Mr. Gladstone (oh no! not the ex-Premier, but his nephew) won the Wynyard Plate of 700*l.* at Stockton with Dorner, a filly by Town Moor out of a Cucumber mare. For the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton, l'Anson's Cardrona, a filly with no less than seven strains of Touchstone blood, beat Killossery, the winner of the Halmaker Stakes at Goodwood, by three lengths. Among the unplaced in the race was Rent Payer, who had cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling. On Tuesday last, at York, Colonel North's El Diablo, a colt by Robert the Devil, and showing some of his characteristics, won the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 1,000*l.* by a neck from Priestess. Some critics were more pleased with Lord Penrhyn's Glaneuse, a filly by Harvester, who ran for the first time in public the same afternoon and won an unimportant plate of 100*l.*

The three-year-olds distinguished themselves by winning the Stewards' Cup and the Goodwood Stakes, the two principal handicaps at the Goodwood Meeting. Mr. Brodrick-Cloëte's Unicorn won the first-named race. There was something wrong with this horse's knees last year, and he lost both the races in which he then ran, as well as another this spring; curiously enough, he was third in each, and he was put into the Stewards'

Cup at 6 st. 2 lbs. His knees were now all right, and he ran a high trial shortly before the Goodwood Meeting. He won the race itself "cleverly," as racing reporters put it; but the real hero of the contest was another three-year-old, Lord Bradford's Cuttlestone, who gave Unicorn 21 lbs., made a good race with him, and ran him to half a length. Bumptious, who had the reputation of being the fastest three-year-old over the distance, could not get near Cuttlestone when giving him 10 lbs. Three days later, Cuttlestone had the ill luck to run second again, for the Chesterfield Cup. White Feather, the winner of the Goodwood Stakes, was handicapped nearly a stone below the best three-year-old form in the list of entries, which was not high. He is a thick, strongly-built, muscular, and well-shaped little bay colt, only fifteen hands in height, by Retreat out of a Doncaster mare. Mr. Houldsworth's Orvieto ran very well in winning the Sussex Stakes by four lengths, "hands down," from his half-brother, the Duke of Westminster's Orion, of whom so much had been expected, and he became a better favourite, or rather a much stronger outsider, for the St. Leger in consequence. His victory for the Great Yorkshire Stakes on Thursday last was of less importance as a St. Leger trial. Good form was shown by another St. Leger outsider at Goodwood, when Lord Zetland's Patrick Blue, a nice horse, by the way, beat Yard Arm at about weight for age, for the Gordon Stakes. Last week he won the Zetland Plate at Stockton, when giving weight to some very moderate opponents; but on Wednesday last at York he was beaten when receiving 4 lbs. by Colonel Montagu's Rousseau. Yet another outsider in the St. Leger betting, Mr. E. Lascelles's Pannonia, won a race at Redcar from Mr. J. Lowther's Cleator; but only by a head, at 7 lbs., and Cleator's form of this year had not entitled him to be considered a good trial horse, although he had won more than 4,000*l.* in stakes as a two-year-old. Much interest was expressed as to whether Bumptious, who is extraordinarily fast over five furlongs, would be able to stay the mile course for the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes, at Kempton. This, however, he did without difficulty, Orion having again to take second place, two lengths behind him. Lord Gerard's Bransdale won six races without a break, and was introduced into the St. Leger betting, when his owner, mercifully for the plunging public, scratched him before any great harm had been done; for although he ran well, considering his heavy weight, for the August Handicap at Kempton, in only finishing third he scarcely showed St. Leger form. Another colt was brought into a prominent position for the St. Leger, when Mr. W. Stevenson's Bosphorus won the Great Northern St. Leger at Stockton, giving 19 lbs. to Cavendish, who had run Melody to three-quarters of a length at 6 lbs., and Orvieto to half a length at 12 lbs., for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, at Ascot. Kirkstall and The Hudson, however, finished before Cavendish at Stockton, and much of the latter's form had been very third-rate; yet Bosphorus was backed for the St. Leger at 100 to 7, in the heat of the moment, immediately after the race. He has won all the three races for which he has started this year in very good style, and although he is spoken of as unfashionably bred, because he is by Ollerton, he is in reality quite the contrary, being a direct representative of Sweetmeat, and having four strains of Blacklock blood, three of Touchstone, three of Birdcatcher, two of Melbourne, and one of Emilius. Mr. A. James's nice little filly, Charm, won the Yorkshire Oaks; but the form shown in the race was of a very moderate description.

Among the four-year-olds Memoir again showed that she had lost her staying powers, at any rate for the time being, by her lamentable exhibition in the race for the Goodwood Cup, which was won by Gonsalvo, who had finished three lengths behind her for last year's St. Leger. The once celebrated Le Nord has taken to plating, and has won a couple of those humble races, worth in all 295 sovereigns. He is the sort of horse, however, that may possibly win a great race when least expected. We must now take a glance at the handicaps which have been run since our last racing article appeared. One surprising piece of handicap form has been that of Colonel North's Nunthorpe, who ran wretchedly at Goodwood, and a week later, at Brighton, won the Cup, with Workington a length and a half behind him, at even weights. This was almost a return to his April form; and so little was he fancied at Brighton that he started at 10 to 1. From this it would appear that his owner could not have backed him at all heavily, but that is a point which cannot invariably be judged of merely from the returns of the betting, for it was stated lately in a usually well-informed journal that for a two-year-old race last spring another owner "waited until the last minute, stepped quietly along the rails, and backed his colt to win over twenty thousand pounds without letting his cigar go out." Yet the colt's starting price was 8 to 1, and he won the race. Before the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, Killowen was for some little time a leading favourite; but he was scratched a couple of days before the race, to the great annoyance of his numerous backers, some of whom had invested large sums of

money upon his chance. Euphony, the first favourite, was beaten at the distance, and Tostig, Reveille, and Bumptious, who were the next favourites, were unplaced. Unicorn's victory was not so highly thought of by the official handicapper as by the public, for when his weight of 6 st. 12 lbs. was published for the Royal Handicap at Leicester, he was immediately made a very strong first favourite. That very fast T. Y. C. horse, St. Symphorien, was beaten by a head at 22 lbs. by Lord Hartington's Mistral for the Singleton Plate at Goodwood, and he has scarcely maintained his form this season, for at even weights he lately finished far behind King of Diamonds, with whom he had been considered pretty equal. That horse, again, seems to have lost something of his form. Indeed, the handicap running of the past four weeks has rather tended to depreciate the powers of the better class of horses. The unlucky Barmecide has been placed in six out of his seven races this year, including the Goodwood Stakes and Cup, without winning one of them. He is a good stayer, but he probably wants speed. The Chesterfield Cup brought out a handicap field of good quality, and it was won by Mr. H. Milner's highly-bred four-year-old filly, Shrine, who had "run the weight off her back," as the saying goes, in eight defeats this season, and now won by six lengths under 6 st. 6 lbs. Mr. Abington's Lady Rosebery ran very well in giving 9 lbs. more than weight for age and a beating to Ragimunde, the winner of the Metropolitan Stakes, for the Lewes Handicap. In making all the running and winning the Stockton Handicap in a canter by five lengths, Mr. J. Glover's Rosebery Despatch must have improved in an extraordinary manner since he ran, less than two months earlier, for the Northumberland Plate. At Stockton St. Benedict was second to him, and for the Ebor Handicap he was second again, but to another horse. In the latter race St. Benedict was meeting Rosebery Despatch on 10 lbs. better terms; but whereas Rosebery Despatch seemed to give St. Benedict at least a 12 lbs. beating for the Stockton Handicap, St. Benedict appeared to give Rosebery Despatch an even greater beating for the Ebor Handicap. Altogether, Rosebery Despatch's form has obviously been somewhat inconsistent of late. The winner of the Great Ebor Handicap was Lord Roselyn's well-shaped and powerful bay colt, Buccaneer, which is said to have been backed to win a very large stake. The institution of two new races for stakes of 10,000*l.* each, at Newmarket, has been the most important piece of Turf news, apart from actual racing, during the last week.

CAVALRY DISTRIBUTION AND ORGANIZATION.

WHEN we recently spoke of the equipment of cavalry, we endeavoured to show that, however excellent a weapon might be in itself, and however efficient in the hands of a man thoroughly trained to its use, its adoption would not enhance the value of our cavalry unless an effort were made to practise our troopers in handling their equipment, and that the first step to be taken towards that end should be to furnish our regiments with an adequate proportion of trained chargers. In a similar way, even if our troops and squadrons become more efficient, our regiments as a whole will not be so unless their component parts are accustomed to work together under the eye of the commanding officer. And in like manner our cavalry brigades and divisions will fail in the field, however excellent the individual regiments may be of which they are composed, if the officers in command of them have not that knowledge of handling large bodies of men which can alone spring from constant practice and experience. The "born cavalry leader" is one of the stock phrases of the newspaper correspondent, and is a singularly misleading one. Some men are doubtless exceptionally endowed by nature with the quickness, decision, and calculated audacity which must distinguish him who would successfully lead squadrons in the field; but such qualifications are not sufficient in themselves, and where they have been specially conspicuous have been developed and encouraged by opportunities for making use of them. A decisive charge is often launched by a nicety of judgment such as a mere occasional performer can never hope to attain, and to ensure success eye and ear, leader and followers, horse and man, must all work in that perfect unison which is only to be obtained by constant intercourse and the intuitive obedience thus engendered. The deficiencies which our present system entails on officers were painfully evident during the recent manoeuvres in Berkshire, and it was clear that practice in handling masses of men was sadly needed. Nor could it well be otherwise. At present our cavalry regiments are scattered piecemeal about the United Kingdom, and are quartered with a total disregard to the requirements of their tactical training. More than half of them are split up into detachments, and commanding officers are therefore quite unable to train their squadrons together, and are fortunate if they

get a chance of seeing them all together on parade, even once a year. Regiments thus subdivided cannot know those whom they may one day have to follow, the mutual sympathy and reliance which is so desirable between officers and men can have no existence, nor can a leader have that personal control over his command he should do. He cannot make his individuality felt, and is obliged to act, as it were, by deputy. While regiments are thus disintegrated it seems almost too much to ask that two regiments should not be widely separated, but should be quartered sufficiently near together to play into one another's hands as regards drills and exercises. Such, nevertheless, is the system which should undoubtedly prevail, and officers would then have opportunities of practising themselves against one another at outpost, reconnaissance, convoy, or raiding duties, such as could hardly fail to be immensely to their advantage. There are three chief considerations which universally govern the distribution of troops. They may be allotted certain stations for strategical reasons, and this is the governing principle on the Continent. France, for example, has twenty-two regiments on her eastern frontier, which Germany opposes at present with sixteen on her western boundaries. On her eastern frontier Germany watches Russia with twenty-four regiments, while eleven of the fourteen divisions of the regular cavalry of the line which the latter country keeps up are to be found echeloned along her south-west frontier between the Baltic and the Black Sea. Facilities for tactical training are gained by concentrating squadrons and regiments together, and this consideration also is, therefore, carefully kept in view by all nations. Finally, the support which troops may be called upon to lend to the civil power must not be lost sight of, and this, coupled perhaps with considerations as to recruiting, appears to be what we in England have hitherto chiefly thought most deserving of our attention. Strategical advantages need fortunately form no difficult problem in our case, and in these days of telegrams and railways it is surely hardly necessary to place police duties before efficiency. To such an extent is our present system carried that, especially in Ireland, our cavalry are being trained in many places rather as constabulary than for war. Unfortunately, in some districts this result is inevitable, but not so by any means to the extent generally assumed; and such a judicious distribution as would provide for the security of the Queen's subjects and, at the same time, not forget the training of all her horses and men, is in these days not beyond our reach. The old quarters are an inheritance that has devolved on us from the days of stage-coaches and tardy posts, and should be almost as obsolete as the circumstances which called them into being. It is not very unusual, and certainly not impossible, for a colonel of cavalry never to have seen his regiment together on parade during his whole tenure of command. Others scarcely more fortunate have, perhaps, had that felicity for three or four months during their reign. It is a nice question whether the individual or the regiment suffers most under such a system; but that both do so, and the service in general to boot, will hardly be disputed. Moreover, when we inquire whether guns and squadrons have due facilities for learning how to work together, we find matters equally unsatisfactory. In several stations we find Horse Artillery completely isolated, and it is possible for a man to find himself in command of a battery acting with cavalry either on service or manoeuvres who has never before been even on parade with the two arms combined. Yet both must look to one another in action for assistance and support, and to ensure genial and intelligent co-operation they should mutually sympathize with one another's wants and difficulties, and thoroughly appreciate how the efforts of one may best be supplemented by the other. The same qualities and ideas are necessary both as regards officers and men of either service, and should be fostered and encouraged by frequent intercourse. We need concentration, not only of troops and squadrons and regiments, but of the other component parts, such as Horse Artillery, which go to form a cavalry brigade or division on service, and we may well demand that all the various units should thus be located that they may be able to practise in peace-time at any rate the elements of those functions we shall expect them to give expression to in the presence of the enemy.

As regards our cavalry organization, the same fatal tendency to level down rather than up which distinguishes all our other efforts towards military efficiency is evident. Just as our one or two Army Corps are deliberately organized to be weaker in field artillery than those of any other nation, so we find that not only is the aggregate total of our cavalry miserably small, but that we purposely arrange so as to put our individual units at a marked disadvantage. An English army, therefore, so far from being the compact, well-equipped body of men some fondly regard it as, will be heavily handicapped as regards a foreign force, because it will not be so well supported by guns, and it will be unable to gain information

or hide its movements, owing to its inferiority in horsemen. German, Austrian, French, and Russian squadrons are all very considerably stronger than our own, and a squadron of English cavalry on detached duty, therefore, meeting a squadron of any one of the other Great Powers would find itself outnumbered by some thirty or forty rank and file. When regiments come to be compared our case is even worse. Russia and Austria have six squadrons per regiment, and France has five, while a comparison of the total strength of divisions shows, roughly, an average of 1,000 rank and file against England. Furthermore, as we have already pointed out, the English troopers would not be so well supported by artillery as their opponents. However high an estimate, therefore, our patriotism may excite us to form, as regards the individual prowess of our men, we have no solid ground for supposing that they will in the aggregate display any pre-eminence over their opponents. As a body, the English cavalry have never been exceptionally brilliant, and even in our most glorious military epoch at the close of the last century their value when in combination was not, according to Wellington himself, superior to that of the French. It is not a question here whether one British dragoon can ride better than a single foreigner, but whether one hundred or one thousand will similarly excel. With this consideration in view, it requires a large share indeed of national self-confidence not to feel uneasy as to the issue of collisions in which our squadrons and divisions, meeting like bodies of the enemy, would find themselves worse supported by guns, outnumbered, out-flanked, and therefore probably out-maneuvred. Nor will apprehension be lulled to rest by the reflection that we have few reserves in hand either of trained men, or chargers, or guns, and that however deeply we may, in a moment of anxiety, determine to plunge our hands in our pockets, such commodities are not to be produced at any price, even in weeks or months. It has been suggested by one of our best cavalry officers that our squadrons, in view of their present deficiencies, should be organized in three rather than in two troops as at present. There is much to be said for the suggestion, and it will be gratifying to those whose instincts are strongly conservative to know that it would be merely a return to the system which was in force at the beginning of the last century. It finds favour, also, with almost every one who has studied the subject, and there would be no very serious obstacles in the way of its being accomplished. When, however, we have to find a remedy for the smallness of the muster-rolls, and the adequate training of the ex-dragon on the reserve-list, the problem becomes less easy of solution. We can never hope to keep up the huge establishments that are necessary on the Continent, and must therefore largely depend on our reserves when hostilities occur. A man who has been perhaps for some years away from the drill-ground and the riding-school has lost all the dash the service he is called out for requires, and is often little better than a recruit of a few months' standing. To ensure efficiency, therefore, it is extremely desirable that reserve-men should be called away from their employment in civil life for a short training now and then. Yet to insist on their doing so would be to place an additional obstacle in the way of their obtaining the employment which, even under present circumstances, they do not always find. That the State should find employment in the public offices and police for men who have belonged to such branches of the service as need the most rubbing-up, and who could occasionally, therefore, be called upon to go through a course of training, appears a not very ambitious scheme, and one which would go far to help us in our dilemma. It is high treason to hint at more lavish expenditure; and, moreover, it will be time enough to fall back on that last of resources when we have made the most of those we have already at our disposal.

MONEY MATTERS.

AT last we may hope that the crisis through which we have been passing for fully twelve months has come to an end. Alarmist rumours have ceased, distrust is giving place to confidence, and, more important than all, there is a revival of speculation in both North and South American securities. The marked rise in the securities of the United States is due, of course, chiefly to the abundant crops at home, and to the failure of the harvest in Europe. According to the report of the Washington Agricultural Bureau, every crop in the United States this year, with the exception of cotton, is decidedly better in quality and larger in quantity than it was twelve months ago; therefore the American farmers will have a very large surplus for export. On the other hand, the wheat harvest all over Europe is deficient—in some countries very deficient—and the rye crop is a complete failure in Russia, and is very bad in the other

European countries. Therefore, Europe will require exceptionally large quantities of both wheat and maize from the United States, and, as a matter of course, since Russia will be able to supply the rest of the world with no rye, and with little or no wheat, the Americans will be able to sell at high prices. It follows that the American farmers will prosper greatly during the next twelve months. And it is to be borne in mind that America is still mainly an agricultural country, its manufactures being little more than sufficient to provide the home market; in some cases are not adequate even to that. If, then, agriculture, which is practically more important than all other industries put together, is highly prosperous, other trades will be prosperous also, and a great impetus will be given to every department of business. And it is reasonable to expect that, as the whole population does well, it will import from abroad more than it has done for many years past. Therefore, the railways will do an immense business both in distributing at home the good crops and in carrying the surplus to the sea-board for export, and also in carrying from the sea-board to the interior the goods imported. It follows that the railway dividends ought to be higher during the next twelve months than they have been for a considerable time past, and, therefore, there is cause for some rise in American railroad securities. But our readers will do well to remember that most of the American railroad shares dealt in on the London Stock Exchange pay no dividends. For example, such shares as Milwaukee, Atchison, Union Pacific, Erie, and Wabash yield no dividends. Consequently even, if the companies do better, that will not benefit the shareholders, for there will be no dividends to distribute; and for that reason investors should leave all such shares completely alone. Of course, if any capitalist chooses to buy what he can pay for in the hope of being able to sell at a profit, it is his own business. He would probably make money by so doing, provided he did not incur too much risk by buying more than he could pay for. But the investor proper should have nothing to do with the speculation which is now beginning. The rise in South American securities proves even more clearly than that in the securities of the United States that the crisis through which we have been passing is at an end. For nothing has occurred to justify the rise. There is no real improvement either in the Argentine Republic, or in Uruguay, or Honduras, or Costa Rica. The probability of a break-down of speculation in Brazil is as great as ever, and the civil war in Chili is still dragging on. Yet during the past fortnight there has been a rise in nearly all South American securities. This can be accounted for only by the fact that the crisis is coming to an end. People are recovering from the distrust and alarm that recently prevailed, and are beginning to think that the prices of South American securities have fallen too low. In all probability the speculation cannot be carried very far, and there may, before long, be another fall. All the same, the revival of speculation, without any other cause than the mere encouragement given by the revival in the United States, signally proves that the feeling of the City has completely changed.

The money market has been decidedly quieter this week than most people were prepared to expect. Owing to the failure of the crops in Russia and the rise in all grain, it was thought that bankers and bill-brokers would see the advisability of raising rates, the more particularly as shipments of gold to Germany continue. But the market, instead of becoming firmer, has actually given way somewhat. This is the more remarkable, because the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange began on Wednesday, and the revival of speculation in American railroad securities makes it certain that before long the demand for banking accommodation will greatly increase. It is true, no doubt, that as yet speculation has not gone very far. This week, for example, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the loans they needed at from 1½ to 2 per cent. But if the buying continues, the Stock Exchange demand will increase rapidly. Furthermore, harvesting is delayed now by the bad weather and the lateness of the crops. But before long the harvest demand will become large. And there is also the danger that by-and-bye a strong demand for gold will spring up in the United States. Nevertheless, the rate of discount in the open market throughout the week has been only about 1½ per cent.

The silver market continues very quiet. In a preliminary report issued by Mr. O'Connor, of the Department of Finance and Commerce, on the trade of British India in the year ended with March last, he points out that the imports of silver in the two preceding years were exceptionally large, and that at the same time the Treasury paid out an unusual amount of coin. The supply of money in India, therefore, for the moment is larger than the circulation is able to absorb, and, consequently, there is exceptionally little demand for silver for India. The demand for Spain and Portugal is much smaller than was anticipated. And the speculators in New York remain inactive. Therefore, the

price of the metal in London has been throughout the week only about 45½d. per ounce.

The speculation in American railroad securities has made further great progress during the week. In the latter part of last week there was a decided pause. It is said that the dealers in London and many of the great operators in New York did not expect the rise to begin so soon, and, therefore, had not supplied themselves with stock, and that they used their utmost exertions to bring about a decline so as to be able to buy on more favourable terms. German capitalists and speculators, too, sold immense quantities. For it is clear that the failure of the crops in Russia and the badness of the crops at home will try Germany greatly this year. But in spite of German selling, and the efforts of the dealers in London and the operators in New York, no reaction occurred; and buying on an immense scale began this week. It was especially active on Tuesday and Wednesday, and there was an almost general rise. More particularly the purely speculative stocks, those which are not likely to yield a dividend for years to come, were in demand. The speculation is favoured, not only by the splendid harvests in the United States, but also by the cheapness of money in Europe and America; and it is likely to be carried on for a considerable time, if no untoward accident happens. Of course, there will be reactions every now and then. But the conviction that the United States will prosper greatly during the next twelve months is so general and so strong that only very formidable accidents indeed can prevent further speculation. Meantime, investors should bear in mind that the rise is mainly the work of speculation, and that, sooner or later, it must end in a collapse. There has also been some further recovery in South American securities, although nothing has occurred to change the situation. On the other hand, the Berlin Bourse has been exceedingly weak, and the great capitalists and speculators there are persistent sellers of everything for which they can find a buyer on the foreign markets. Since the beginning of the year the Russian rouble has fallen in value fully 20 per cent., and it is likely to fall more; for Russia, instead of being a large exporter of grain, will have to import large quantities of maize to make up for the failure of the rye crop, and will have little wheat to sell. Russia, then, not being able to export much, and owing large sums to the rest of Europe, will be in a bad financial condition, and the value of the rouble must steadily fall. All other Russian securities are almost sure to decline likewise. Apart altogether from the danger of political troubles arising out of the distress, the disarrangement of the finances is sure to bring about lower prices, and the depreciation will be exaggerated by the weakness of the Berlin Bourse. The winter will be a trying time for all Germany, and with bread dear, trade falling off, the money market disturbed, and confidence shaken, it will be strange indeed if there is not a crisis upon the Bourse. On the other hand, the Paris Bourse continues surprisingly optimistic. It has exerted itself to the utmost to prevent the fall brought about by the persistent German selling, and the great operators express confidence that they can maintain prices. If they can, all careful observers will be astonished, for the French harvest is bad likewise, and in all probability France will have to export large amounts of gold to supply herself with the wheat she requires.

Another banking amalgamation is announced this week. The Central Bank of London has been acquired by the Birmingham and Midland Bank, the latter thus obtaining a London connexion. Five shares of the Central Bank are to be exchanged for two shares of the Birmingham and Midland with 12½. 10s. paid upon each. The Central Bank of London was founded in 1863, and, though small, has secured a good position. The Birmingham and Midland is older, having been established in 1836. From 1879 to 1886 dividends at the rate of 16 per cent. were paid. Since then the dividends have been 15 per cent.

The wheat market has been quieter this week, although the weather continues most unfavourable for harvesting purposes. Happily the harvest is late, and if the weather is good next month, there are still strong hopes that the yield will not be much, if at all, under the average.

The rise in American railroad securities this week is very general and marked. Thus, to begin with the dividend-paying shares, New York Central closed on Thursday at 107, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½. Pennsylvania shares closed at 54½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2. Lake Shore shares closed at 118½, a rise of 3. Illinois shares closed at 102½, a rise of 3½. Louisville and Nashville closed at 76½, a rise of 2½; Norfolk and Western Preference shares closed at 54½, a rise of 3½. Turning now to the purely speculative shares, which are mere gambling counters, and ought to be avoided by investors, we find that Atchison shares closed on Thursday at

39½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Eriest shares closed on Thursday at 24½, a rise of 3½; Central Pacific shares at 33½, a rise of 2½; and Union Pacific shares closed at 40½, a rise of 2½. Argentine securities maintain the advance of last week, but show little change since. In other South American securities there has been a further advance. Thus the fighting before Valparaiso inspiring the hope that the civil war will soon be brought to an end has caused a sharp advance in Chilean bonds. The 4½'s of 1886 closed on Thursday at 80, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3; Columbian bonds of 1873 closed on Thursday at 22, a rise of 4; and Guatemala External bonds closed at 36-38, a rise of 3; the Internal advanced also 3. Honduras bonds closed at 9½, a rise of 2½. In other departments the movements have not been great. Generally speaking inter-Bourse securities are somewhat lower, while British railway stocks are somewhat higher. Great-Western Ordinary closed on Thursday at 163½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; and Midland closed at 158, a rise of 1½.

THE PLANTATION BUBBLE.

THE pleasing description of the Leeward Islands read by Mr. D. Morris, F.L.S., before the Royal Colonial Institute, may well tempt energetic young Britons to try their fortune there. They are promised an agreeable climate; "for the greater part of the year the heat is scarcely felt." If their health be delicate, "numbers of people are now leading active lives in the West Indies who would probably have died long ago had they remained in this country." Social diversions may be scanty, but that want each new comer would contribute to supply. If scenery be a consideration, they may enjoy the "forest-clad mountains and valleys of Domenica, the highly-cultivated slopes of St. Kitts, the more sober but not less interesting undulations of the sugar-cane fields of Antigua, and the lime and mango groves of Montserrat." Sport does not abound, but one may chase the agouti, "a small hare-like animal," in the mountain woods. The racoon of negro minstrelsy has been acclimatized. Barbuda has its deer, Domenica its wild hogs, St. Kitts its monkeys, and every island its "old English black rat." Wood-pigeons and mountain-doves congregate in large flocks; guinea-fowl are plentiful in the scrubland of Barbuda. Some, perhaps, may feel an interest in the "timid and defenceless iguana, which is eagerly hunted for the sake of its flesh," or even in the large edible frog, locally known as the *Crapaud*. Coming to business, we learn that less than a half of the land, suitable in all respects for cultivation, has ever been broken up—at least, within the last century. An emigrant might choose his holding on mountain side, on woody slope, or alluvial bottom—there is enough of each for all comers. Mr. Morris does not recommend settlers to go out with little or no capital. They must be employers and controllers of labour, hard-working and vigilant overseers of the negro peasantry. Under that condition there are endless openings for the small capitalist. In the first place, of course, he may grow sugar. That is, as one may say, the natural cultivation of the West Indies; and, if planters will only use their intelligence, keep pace with the scientific improvements of the day, and thus cheapen the cost of producing sugar, whilst increasing the yield, they will drive beetroot from the market. Besides this, however, there is coffee—the Liberian for warm, moist valleys, the Arab for hilly slopes. Cacao also. Spices, such as nutmeg, mace, vanilla, cubeb pepper, long pepper, cloves, ginger, cinnamon, cardamoms—all these flourish even now. There is fruit growing, bananas especially, but innumerable species besides. "The planter can clear 15*l.* to 20*l.* per acre for his fruit, while under the shade of his banana trees he is establishing his land with cacao, coffee, spices, and other permanent subjects." Then, vegetables. The finest green peas, the best new potatoes, the most luscious tomatoes, are offered here a fortnight before Christmas. The famous Sisal—associated in the public mind just now with Mr. Chamberlain—and various other hems, cotton, cocoanut, tobacco, arrowroot, kola nuts, fruit-syrups, dried fruits, silk, resins, gums, indiarubber, scent-plants, and gambier are suggested, for various tastes and various localities.

The Assistant Director of Kew Gardens speaks with absolute authority upon such points. It is not to be questioned for an instant that the several islands of the Leeward group, which he has lately visited, offer special advantages for one or other of the cultures which he recommends. But we read the same list, with certain exceptions to be noted, and, perhaps, certain additions, in the prospectus of every enterprise started, by Government or private individuals, for opening up a tropic land. There are at least six chartered Companies which invite adventurous youth

provided with a small capital to "plant" something on their land. The English and German Governments and the Congo State in Africa, the French in Tonquin and Madagascar, the Dutch in New Guinea, and, probably—for we have not seen the statement—the Italian in Abyssinia, have just these same purposes in view, and hold out the same temptations. That is, indeed, the *raison d'être* of that movement, so conspicuous in our time, which is sharing the savage world among the European Powers. In every case there are local peculiarities; but all agree in recommending their new annexations for certain objects of culture. Coffee, tobacco, and cacao, for example, are named, probably as articles which the emigrant might grow with advantage, in every report which deals with the prospects of a tropical colony. Sugar and cotton occupy a place hardly less universal. But the demand for these substances is not unlimited. The consumption of coffee, indeed, steadily declines in Great Britain—deplorable evidence of our bad taste, as some think, but that is beside the matter. It is not necessary to observe that coffee planting is not new; but one might think, from the tone of these reports, that it was a blessed discovery. For fifty years and more the Ceylon plantations have been well established, the Costa Rican nearly as long, those of the Dutch East Indies vastly longer. So far back as 1728 the Batavian Government distributed berries among the Javanese chiefs, and ordered them to undertake the cultivation. Mr. Bickmore computed, in 1864, that one-fourth of the whole world's consumption was supplied by the Dutch colonies. Labour there is organized, intelligent, and abundant. So it is, to somewhat less degree, in Ceylon and Costa Rica. All these lands possess every advantage of soil and situation which the new colonies can claim, with roads, railways, service of ships, and settled order. If blight or insect plagues ruin their plantations there is fresh ground enough to be had for the clearing. But it does not pay to take up fresh ground. The profit is cut so fine already by competition from almost every land within the Tropics that a planter rather seeks new harvests to cultivate. The *Kew Bulletin* has told us lately to what straits the Cingalese coffee-growers have been reduced. But if all these long-established planters cannot hold their own, what prospect have those who settle in a new country, without skilled labour, without communications, without settled order, where expenses of every sort must be multiplied indefinitely? In Africa especially, the conditions seem hopeless. It has yet to be proved that the free negro will work on a plantation, and then that he will work regularly, putting intelligence aside. But if he and the other savages concerned prove tractable, it may be doubted, indeed, whether employers will benefit; but, so far as we can see, they will ruin the long-suffering planters already established up and down the world before they collapse.

What has been said of coffee applies to the greater number of those crops which are looked for in the new colonies. They have natural products, such as ornamental and useful woods, indiarubber, gums, fibres, and these they advocate for culture. On indiarubber, in especial, the "prospectuses," so to call them, insist. It is a valuable substance, greatly in demand. A plantation of *Hevia Brasiliensis* at this moment would be worth a real gold mine—one of those which are not quoted in the Stock Exchange. But if, as is urged, no small slice of the tropic lands be "laid down in indiarubber," the price will fall amazingly. It is not a necessary of life. And even those who were earliest in making the venture might reap little profit, since the yield of the African, and Asian, and American forests from end to end is likely to be poured into the market before their trees and vines are ready for tapping. Only a Government which waits patiently for a return on capital invested may engage in such cultivations, and we observe with shame that the French are before us in making nurseries of guttapercha. So determined are they that this precious substance shall not become extinct, that they have made plantations of it in Algeria—which seems a desperate undertaking to English botanists; but it is not for them to criticize the performance of a good work persistently neglected by our Government, to which it naturally fell.

In the struggle for existence which threatens, the West Indies have several great points in their favour. As Mr. Morris states, labour generally is in excess of the demand, or, at least, in excess of the opportunities offered. The largest export from the Leeward Islands is that of St. Kitts, which represents 7-8*l.* per head; the lowest that of the Virgin Islands, representing 3*l.* It is tolerably safe to assume that men would work under such a state of things; the women would assuredly, and Mr. Morris observes that they are strong and willing. The negroes speak English, if anything—no unimportant detail. Besides this, the West Indian colonies enjoy the resources of civilization—such as roads, steam communication, and markets at an easy distance. Whether all these things would count for much in favour of the coffee or the cotton planter under such cut-throat competition as

is proposed, may be doubtful. But if emigrants with capital will resolutely cling to those other forms of culture which Mr. Morris advises—fruit, hemp, coconuts, above all, gambier—they may watch the bursting of the plantation bubble with unconcern.

THE WEATHER.

THE week that has just passed has brought with it little change in the weather. Certainly there has been no improvement, for the rain has been more general, and there has been but little sunshine. In the report for the week ending Saturday (22nd), we find that bright sunshine shows a deficit in almost all districts, the proportion of the possible amount of duration which was actually registered ranged from 38 per cent. in the South of England to 16 per cent. in the North-East. Although the rainfall has been in many districts largely in excess of the mean, it has failed to make up the deficiency alluded to in our former reports. The total amount for the year up to Saturday (22nd) is still below the average in all parts of the United Kingdom, with the exception of the North of Scotland and the South of England, where it slightly exceeds the mean. In the West of Scotland there is a deficiency of 9·7 in., and in Ireland there are still over 4 in. to make up. Temperature has been low throughout the week all over our Islands; it has been below 60° in the North, and has seldom exceeded 65° at any of our stations. The area of low barometer which travelled across our Southern counties on Thursday (20th) caused heavy rain to fall all over the South of England and the North of France, and strong winds and gales were experienced in the Channel. It was showery at some of our Northern stations and also in Ireland. The rainfall registered in London was 1·4 in., at Dungeness 1·3 in., at Cambridge and Hurst Castle 1·5 in., and at Oxford rather over an inch. The weather remained very unsettled during Friday, and heavy rain fell nearly all over England. The storm area which passed over us on Thursday was lying off the coast of Norfolk, but the winds were still strong in the Channel with a rough sea. There was some improvement on Saturday, the low pressure area had travelled northward into the North Sea, and the barometer was rising generally. Rain fell in the North in the morning, but later in the day the weather became fair at nearly all stations. Sunday was overcast and showery over many parts of Western Europe, and thunderstorms occurred in the extreme south of England, but there was no rain in London. The weather was fine over England and the greater part of southern and eastern Europe on Monday, but rain fell generally during the night, and on Tuesday morning the conditions were very unsettled, a depression was approaching our west coasts from the Atlantic, the barometer was falling rapidly in Ireland, with heavy rain at some of our western stations, and showers in many other places. This depression travelled over the North of Scotland during the night, and the wind increased to a fresh or strong gale from the south-westward over nearly the whole of our Islands, and large quantities of rain fell. It was dull and showery on Wednesday over the greater part of the United Kingdom, and on Wednesday evening (26th) a secondary disturbance approached us from the south-westward, and resulted, in London at least, in a thorough drench on Thursday.

LOUIS PAULSEN.

THIRTY years ago Paulsen's was a name to charm with in the world of chess, and everybody who is acquainted with the annals of the game during the past third of a century knows that by his death we have lost the strongest amateur of the past or present generation. His record is decidedly stronger than that of Anderssen, whilst in some respects he was well able to bear comparison with the professional masters. Judged by his tournament play, especially in recent years, he might not be regarded as an extraordinary proficient, for since the German Congresses of 1878 and 1879, when he was respectively first and second, and the West German Congress of 1880, when he took the first place, he had not stood higher than fourth at an important chess meeting. But it is to be remembered that Paulsen was an amateur in the strictest sense, and not what may be called a professional amateur. After his Wanderjahre he resolutely gave up the game, except during a brief occasional holiday, and he passed some years almost without seeing a board. He was at the head of a business firm at Blomberg, and he did not allow his favourite pastime to interfere in the slightest degree with his more serious calling. One has to estimate his strength by his match and blindfold play during the years when he devoted himself pretty thoroughly to chess—say from 1857 to 1864. In the first-mentioned year, at the age of twenty-four, he played in the first American Chess

Congress, when he came out second to Paul Morphy, who distanced all competitors. Two or three years afterwards he challenged Morphy to a match, and the challenge was declined, so that it is difficult to make a fair comparison between these two players at their best. He does not seem to have been ever matched against Steinitz. With Anderssen he won 15 match games out of 25, 4 out of 11 tournament games, and 13 out of 17 casual games, taking no account of draws. As an analyst he has left a particularly clear impress on the theory and literature of chess, especially in the Kieseritzky, Muzio, and Evans gambits. As a blindfold player he was the first to break Philidor's record of three simultaneous games, advancing from four to fifteen up to the year 1860. Five years later he played ten simultaneous blindfold games at Elberfeld. The struggle endured for twenty hours, with one interval of rest, and as he frequently passed a board because his opponent was not ready with his move, and averaged for his own part nearly thirty moves an hour, it is clear that the duration of the match was no fault of his. Moreover he did not lose a single game. Possibly Blackburne has excelled Paulsen (after suffering defeat from him personally) at blindfold play. But, here as in other branches of chess, the German master ceased to contend seriously after he had reached the highest levels; and he played thereafter for play's sake only, during his annual autumn holidays. If he had given to chess the devotion which he gave to business, he might have achieved wider and more popular repute; but he could scarcely have stood higher in the estimation of those who are competent to take a true measure of his actual performances. Louis Paulsen was unquestionably one of the finest exponents of the art of chess whom the past half-century has produced.

WHAT THE PATIENTS THINK.

[At the California State Prison of Folsom, or "Folsom Folly," the convicts are not even obliged to work. If they choose to remain idle and lounge about in gangs, they may do so, and still have every day a meat diet with coffee and vegetables. If they volunteer to work at the quarries near the prison, they are rewarded with soups, syrups, tea and cake, and meat suppers. A third grade secures for them chops and steaks for breakfast as well as supper with hot rolls and fruit, and a dinner worthy of a good hotel. . . . A number of professors from neighbouring colleges are engaged to deliver courses of lectures on such subjects as Political Economy, Business Law, Mental Philosophy, Modern History, the Study of Shakespeare, &c. Periodical examination in these branches takes place, and the prisoners who successfully answer the questions thereby facilitate their earlier liberation. Recently a course of massage and Turkish baths has been added to the Elmira programme!—Leaflet of the Howard Association, quoted by the *St. James's Gazette*.

ERE, fill up your tumbler, old pal, I could do with another as stiff
To the 'elth of them noble old blokes as was settin' this week at Cardiff.
And the fust of 'em all, Dr. Strahan—there's a cove on the right sort of lay!
'Ow I'd look to come under his cure, Bill, whenever I'm next put away.
Yes! let's 'ope that the time's drorin' nigh when the hinfermous rules as perwails
For wot's called the "rerpression of crime" will be dropped in 'er Majesty's gaols,
When oakum and skilly and guv'nors and cranks will be things of the past,
And they 'and the pore criminal over to 'im as can cure 'im—at last.
For when onst Dr. Strahan tackles crime—which 'e knows as it's honly disease—
We shall all in the future "do time" on the system of go-as-you-please.
Lord, Bill! when I read in the papers—leastways 'twas the *James's Gazette*—
Of them blessed Amerrikin capers, and all that them prisoners get,
Well, I blushed, blow me tight if I didn't! I blushed, so I tell yer, old man,
When I thought 'ow we talk tommy-rot about "Hengland, the fust in the wan"
(Which it means, I suppose, "Black Maria") of civilization, and find
That the wan of them Yanks 'as left ours such a blanky long-distance be'ind!
Ar! they do you to rights in the jug over there, and no bloomin' mistake,
With their chops and their soups and their syrups, their coffee, their heggs, and their cake.

With their hoptional labour purwided for them as it 'appens to suit;
 And for them as don't like it, 'ot rolls for their tea and a foller of fruit;
 And although, for myself, I ain't much on the 'igh ackydemical go, There's Professors for them as likes such, and there's lectures by blokes in the know
 On Perlit'cal Econmy and Lor—or if fakements like them is too 'ard,
 On the works of our nashynal poet, the well-known Shakspearean bard.
 Ar! and then they go round and arks questions, and 'im as 'as most up his sleeve
 Of the patter they've pitched 'im, wrote out, gets a hearlier ticket-of-leave.
 But the best of it all is to come, Bill, and when I ininform you of that,
 Well, I think you'll agree that the Yankees does cut it a trifle too fat.
 Though I 'old with the new prison treatment, good grub, and no climbin' to do,
 Yet the Turkey baths and the mussarge—molley-coddlin, I call it, don't you?
 But larf? I believe yer I did, why I pretty nigh larfed myself queer,
 When I thought of that juicy old gent as we giv such a doin' last year;
 And how, as you turned out his fob, and contrived to negoshit a loan,
 I mussarged the old party to rights on a special new plan of my own.
 Wot larks, then, if you, Bill, and me was rubbed down, to that old 'un's disgust,
 At the cost of Imperial taxation—it makes me feel ready to bust.
 Why, we'd giv 'arf the flimsies he dropped to be now undergoin' mussarge,
 For a touch of rheumatics, may be, at that juicy old gentleman's charge.
 Still it's cert'inly pleasin'—now ain't it?—to meet with opinions like these,
 On a pint we've talked hover so hoften in hours of retirement and hease.
 It's a trooly encouragin' sign of the times, we must freely allow, To find that the bloomin' Perfessors is gettin' the 'ang of it now.
 It's "conjennytal crime" as we've got, wot can only be cured by "retreat,"
 With nothin' to do for yer lodgin', and plenty good wittles to eat.
 So ere's wishin' "catch-on" and success to the system of gentle restraint,
 And long life to the hemminent Strahan, e's the Doctor as suits our complaint!

REVIEWS.

THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.*

WHEN the late M. Scherer, a generation ago, was reviewing the French translation of Mill's *Representative Government* he complimented the translator, the also late M. Dupont White, on being one of the very few Frenchmen who treated politics as a science. We fear that the number of Englishmen of whom as much may be said is not much larger now. But Mr. Henry Sidgwick would certainly be ranked among these few by most competent judges, and we are very glad that he has been able to complete what is itself in a way a completion of his former works on ethics and political economy. Few Englishmen have thus handled the complete round of the triple science as Aristotle conceived it; and whatever may be the critic's point of view, or however the views which he takes from it may clash in smaller or greater degree with Mr. Sidgwick's, he will hardly, if he be competent, refuse admiration to the patience and the shrewdness, the industry and the impartiality, which mark the achievement.

It is true that a certain disappointment, even (though less justly) a certain surprise, may be felt at the way in which Mr. Sidgwick has approached his subject. He warns us at once and offhand that he is not going to take the historical method, and though it was certainly within his right not to do so, we own that we are sorry for it. For history is only politics in action, and we confess that we can no more understand scientific treatment of politics by any other method than we understand scientific treatment of botany except by the examination of the actual features of plants. To do Mr. Sidgwick justice, he only disclaims the

primary use of the historic method, and, as we should expect, he is not unfrequently driven to it: but he avoids it as much as possible, and with it, we cannot but think, the safest and the most fruitful of all possible methods. Another surprise may, however, await the unwary reader. Mr. Sidgwick (whose "contents," by the way, is a model of lucid arrangement) announces not merely that he will not be historic, but that he will be deductive. We once knew a sceptical person who said that an Englishman could not be deductive if he tried; and though we are far from sharing his opinion, we think that he would, from his own point of view, be able to make something of a case out of this excellent book. Mr. Sidgwick, indeed, always frank and always careful, again guards against any possible misconception as to his deduction. He starts merely "from psychological positions, not universally or absolutely true, but approximately so of civilized men." In other words, and to exaggerate a little, but not more than is critically allowable, in order to obtain clearness of view, we may almost say that Mr. Sidgwick waives entirely the questions of the essential principles, forms, and so forth, of politics and of government. At the very end, indeed, he approaches them cautiously and gingerly, but he starts, if he starts at all from any general conception, from an offhand and almost unargued adoption of "conductiveness to general happiness" as his standard, and a discussion of the Austinian view of "law"—a very interesting subject, but, we should have thought, rather in the way of corollary than of lemma to the main problem. When we hear an author express his intention of treating politics deductively, we expect him to posit something like "all men are born free and equal." That particular proposition, no doubt, is a ridiculous and obvious falsehood, but, at any rate, it starts the deductive car on its way. Mr. Sidgwick, on the other hand, begins with a supposed orderly community—that is to say, with a government ready made, and proceeds to inquire with enormous care and great ability how that government will behave itself in its various businesses and relations. We are scarcely embarked on a work of six hundred pages when we find the author inquiring, for instance, whether warnings given by a solicitor to a client ought to be privileged, discussing some points, not in the soul, but in the copyright of *Hamlet*, and considering what limitations ought and ought not to be imposed on contract. His opinions on these and a myriad other points are singularly well informed, singularly just. But a hasty person who finds them at the outset of an ostensibly deductive treatise on the elements of politics unpreceded by any attempt to define the general principles may be apt to say in a pet "Here is a man who has not laid the foundation stone of his house, and is discussing how best to fasten the nursery fender into the chimney-piece." It may even seem that the title *Elements of Politics* is a misnomer altogether; and that it ought to be replaced by "Pronouncements of the *φρόνιμος* on Political Problems," "*Quodlibeta Politica*" or something of that sort.

With any truly scientific student of politics, however, the perusal of the book, steadily and through, will remove a great deal of this pettishness, if it does not remove the whole. The method after all, if it is not impeccable, is exceedingly English. If we never get a Pisgah sight of the realm of politics, we have its parishes and its townships mapped out with an extraordinary, we had almost said a unique, combination of knowledge and acuteness. Mr. Sidgwick may almost be taken as a typical example of the *centre gauche* mind, which has as little as possible of the *gauche*, and as much as possible of the *centre* in it. It is, perhaps, necessary to have studied politics, both historical and actual, for many years to appreciate his combination of sobriety and range. We should gather, even if we did not know it already, that he originally started a good deal nearer to the *gauche* and farther from the *centre* than his present position. But he has kept marvellous few of his prejudices of origin, and for a child (as he frankly tells us that he is) of Mill and Bentham, he exhibits hardly any of the *idola* of that most curious creed or no-creed, the Liberalism of the second quarter of this century. Here and there they have left traces. Mr. Sidgwick, tolerant of almost everything, still has a passing shudder, a kind of collapse of his calm rationality, at the word slavery. Why? The time has surely come when that question may be argued without passion or prejudice, and is not to be dismissed with a mere "fuff" of rage (which, of course, we do not find in Mr. Sidgwick), or an *ex cathedra* decision (which we do find in him) that the thing is mischievous in itself. We can prove that all men are not born equal; we can prove that in every society slaves, called by whatever specious name, do and must exist; why may we not call them slaves and regulate their existence with those advantages which recognition of fact always possesses over blinking of it? Again Mr. Sidgwick, though quite tolerant of the hereditary principle and even rather fond of it, thinks that nobody would advocate it if it were to do afresh nowadays. Again, why? (we beg pardon for repeating the ill-sounding word, but it is the word of criticism). You want, *ex hypothesi*, something to temper election, something itself as far removed from election as possible. The hereditary principle is surely at once the most natural, the most obvious, the surest. We do not say that there are no objections to it; we are quite prepared to admit those objections to the ring—and throw them. But why assume, because of a passing popular prejudice, that mankind for about the whole term of its existence has been grossly wrong in its instincts? Yet, again, Mr. Sidgwick, while a friend, or at least not a foe, to aristocracy and monarchy, thinks that we need hardly reckon now with

* *The Elements of Politics*. By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

any other government than democracy. Again we must strike the knell of all rash judgment. Why? He himself admits that in Aristotle's time there was an equally strong drift to democracy, and he knows, at least as well as we do, what became of democracy as a political and not a municipal form within a short lifetime. He urges, indeed, that that democracy and this democracy were very different. They were; but they resembled each other in the one important point that both adopted and glorified the government of the unfittest. If the natural result followed then, why not now?

If we have dwelt a little on these few vestiges of Mr. Sidgwick's mental creation, it has certainly been in no unfriendly spirit; and, taking his own conception of his book, we have almost unqualified admiration for it. No living Englishman has considered so large a number of burning questions—and of questions not exactly burning, but of constant daily importance—with so little prejudice on the whole, with such wide knowledge, and with such a constant reference, if not to first principles, at least to *axiomata media* founded in sound learning, good temper, and common sense, not untinctured with pleasant humour now and then. There is a kind of inexhaustible patience and serenity about Mr. Sidgwick's progress through his wilderness of details—a science of what we may without derogation call literary coachmanship, in the way in which he narrows his sweep in successive circles, and at last, if not at first, touches the great questions of sovereignty and order, of the forms of government, and the like, which cannot but strike any intelligent person with admiration. If he sometimes seems to go too much into detail, we must remember that this is his plan, and that he has a right to his plan; and, as we have already said, there is on each and all of these details almost invariably a word of wisdom. When we remember Mr. Sidgwick's political and philosophical origins, his short and sensible defence of indirect taxation is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; and though his opinions on the relations of Church and State are very far from being ours, there is an equal repose in perusing them. The *φρόνιμος*, to use our original phrase, is deciding. He may not decide from our point of view, and we may think that we could put him in a better one than his own; but he decides without passion, without the slightest flaunting, and even with very little evidence, of prejudice. On the whole, we could do very well with an electorate the members of which guided themselves as in the old story, substituting "as Mr. Sidgwick says" for "as poor Richard says."

Yet we confess, excellent as is this survey of applied politics, and useful as it would be if the persons whom it would most benefit could be induced to read it, we sigh a little, as we put it down, for a quite different book, which Mr. Sidgwick might have written if he had pleased, and which would have been both more permanent (for many of the present applications will soon grow obsolete) and even more sovereign for present ills. We would have the first part of the book we desiderate a history of constitutions, of their successive fates, of the rocks they split on, the good they did, the political characteristics they developed or failed to develop, the points in the unchanging human character they rested upon, or to their loss ignored. It sounds a gigantic task; but would only be so to a man who had not the requisite knowledge, or the requisite ability to discard the unnecessary. And then we should like a second part, dealing with the subject deductively, but always in the steady light of the inductions gained from the first part, starting with the faculties and needs of the *ζῶον πολιτικόν*, adjusting them to the two great political theories that government is to be as the governed will, and that government is to be as is best for the governed, developing from the adjustment the possible and the desirable forms of constitution, pointing out the sacrifices which the individual has to make and the advantages which he gains, sketching the fictions and the conventions incidental to all good government, and so descending, if necessary, the path which Mr. Sidgwick ascends without exactly touching its higher levels, to whatever depth of detail might be thought proper. Such a book, and such only, we think, would be the true *Elements of Politics*, and such a book Mr. Sidgwick has not given us. But he did not intend to give it us, and he has given what is a very good thing in its place. Nor are good things so common that we should be otherwise than thankful.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

HOW it has fared with the Jew in modern fiction is a theme that should one day be treated by some philosophic writer as it deserves to be treated. When the hour arrives, that writer cannot possibly afford to neglect Mr. Leonard Merrick's *Violet Moses*. There is not the least suggestion of racial sentiment or

of imperfect sympathies in Mr. Merrick's clever sketches of Jewish society in the cool, sequestered Maida Vale of life. The Jew that George Eliot drew is more gratifying to the romantic eye than Mr. Leopold Moses, but the latter is unquestionably the more persuasive portraiture. There is something remote and magnificent about Daniel. He is clothed with the splendour of the hills, as it were, while Leopold is a dweller in the vale. Mr. Moses possesses everything—even to flesh and blood—that Mr. Deronda lacked. He is very real, in fact. Before the beautiful and ingenuous Violet Dyas consented to become Mrs. Moses, she had been honoured by the love of Mr. Allan Morris, a very young and self-conscious novelist, whose courtship is charmingly depicted; so charmingly, that we wonder at the self-possessed maiden who could reject a suit so admirably conducted. But Violet does not love Mr. Allan, and would prefer to be friendly. Henceforth the novelist is a blighted being, and of the blighting comes in due course prodigious success in the literary world. Then Violet receives an offer from Mr. Moses, whom also she rejects once, but is induced to accept later, that she may escape the persecutions of her disreputable father, his sisters, and his mother. Mr. Dyas is a selfish, scheming scoundrel, with sufficient dexterity to pass in the world as the man of tact and sentiment. This sordid creature and his hideous household are drawn with unexaggerated force and truth. The sufferings of the unhappy Violet reduce her to desperation and despair, till the undaunted Mr. Moses reappears, as conqueror, and snatches her, a distracted Danaë, from the horrors of the parental roof to the gilded halls of Maida Vale. But the rich, commonplace stockbroker fails to charm his charmer. Mrs. Moses can scarce conceal her contempt for the somewhat ostentatious wealth and vulgarity of her new circle, and the dreary boredom of ceaseless card-playing and long evenings given up to "bluff." She hardens to stone under this boredom of her existence, until her old adorer, Mr. Allan Morris, the now famous novelist, appears once more, and arouses in the cold fair Violet the passion she thought inconceivable. This young man is decidedly eloquent, though he is somewhat given to talking like a book, and has imbibed the teaching of certain American critics. He announces, for example, his opinion that Thackeray's satire is "a schoolboy's spite," compared with that of Mr. George Meredith, while the "fun" of Dickens is mere "horseplay" beside the wit of the living novelist. This characteristic outbreak of distemper causes a flutter of excitement among the ladies that hang on his fervid speech. But genuine passion is shown when Mr. Allan Morris, convinced of the new-born love of Mrs. Moses, determines to play "the villain" of his own novels, and entreats the unhappy Violet to fly with him. The final scene between them occurs within hearing of the altercations and interjections of the card-players, and is extremely dramatic. But the tempestuous lover is defeated, in the end, and the curtain falls on the baffled tempter and the broken-hearted lady. In *Violet Moses* the characters are skilfully drawn, and show excellent observation, while the story altogether is notable for freshness and power. The binding of the volumes is uncommonly pretty, though the blue of the edges of the paper is of the kind that the hands retain, until we are minded of the times when wild in wood the ancient Briton ran.

Between the Lines is something entirely new, to our experience, in the line of mystery; new in conception, and workmanlike in execution. Perhaps the ingenuity shown in developing the idea upon which the story turns is more notable than the idea itself, novel as it is. For as it is with great deeds so it is with new "notions"—in tales of mystery. It may be easy to beget them, as the moral poet sings, but the better part of the achievement lies in what is raised from the initial idea in the conduct of the story, in the plausible working-out through "the furze brake of pertinent circumstance." *Between the Lines* is eminently satisfactory in the matter. Its development might satisfy the most inflexible evolutionist. There are no leaps in the dark, no yawning gaps unbridged, such as do oft leave novel-readers disconcerted and carping. Although the story is of a murder on the District Railway, there is nothing in it to shock those susceptible readers who protest against the sanguinary tone that makes of current fiction "one red," loudly calling, as they protest, for a new railway library and a censorship of the bookstalls. Never was murder executed with greater neatness and despatch than the murder of Lord Hazleton in *Between the Lines*. It looks very like the "insoluble mystery," which is the "best tonic for an insatiable curiosity." The very weapon of offence, being in appearance a harmless article in general use, might have emboldened the criminal to be a witness in the crowd of the discovery of the crime. Certainly, neither the man from Scotland Yard who is called in, nor the casual policeman, would be likely to request a gentleman to open his umbrella. As it was, the murderer calls the attention of the guard to the victim in the carriage as he passes out of the station. That he should do this from sheer nervousness, rather than a fine audacity, is, after all, more natural and probable than the brazen policy we have suggested. He was of a cold temperament, and prudent. Everybody who loves a mystery will follow the investigations of Mr. Van Rhyn—a capital sketch, by the way, of the American citizen of both worlds—with interest to the last drop of the solution.

Mr. James Payn's sheaf of short stories purports to have its black side. There are stories sunny and stories shady in the collection. The brightness of the former is—as it should be—much more pleasing than the gloom of the latter. But in every

* *Violet Moses*. By Leonard Merrick. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

Between the Lines. By Walter Herries Pollock and Alexander Galt. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

Sunny Stories, and Some Shady Ones. By James Payn. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Within Sound of the Weir. By Thomas St. E. Hake. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. 1891.

An Octave of Friends, with Other Silhouettes and Stories. By E. Lynn Linton. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

A Fair Freelance. By Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart. London: Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 1891.

way the "Sunny Stories" are superior. Apparently, Mr. Payn's object in telling these shady stories is to illustrate the severity of the criminal law of old, the mistakes of juries, and the blundering of the police and others. More than this they cannot be said to effect. It is in vain, therefore, we are told that Mr. Payn had of late supped full of horrors, compared with which the *Newgate Calendar* is but as a work of the estimable Mrs. Barbauld. After having weltered, as it were, in a sea of criminal records of this appalling kind, it is really too bad in Mr. Payn to offer a hash of tales, old enough too, for the most part, seasoned with kindly moralizing. "I have only just arisen from the banquet," he observes, "and if I only chose"—well, he is the man to chill the blood and marrow and make your nights horrible. Only, Mr. Payn will not do it. There is something tantalizing in his air of "I could an I would." But the virtuous resolve to be sober in such matters does not justify him in despising the *Newgate Calendar*, inferentially, by glorying in his solitary banquet. Some of his stories, by the way, are to be found in that grim chronicle. It is on the sunny side that Mr. Payn excels as a story-teller. "Dauntless Kitty," "A Faithful Retainer," and "Aunt Sue's Panic," are delightful examples, ingeniously worked out. The sketch of the dog-stealer in "Mr. Blodgers's Apology" is capital. "Under Sentence of Death," with its cheerful and sunshiny philosophy, is properly included in this section of the book. The sentiment of it and the pathetic note, delicate yet penetrative, have a pleasing old-style flavour, recalling the age of Addisonian essays. Altogether there is very agreeable reading in *Sunny Stories*.

Writers of fiction nowadays either plot or they do not plot. Mr. Hake is a plotter. *Within Sound of the Weir* lands you in a maze at the outset, the plan of which is far more simple, if you could but see it, than the devices by which you are kept in it. In the end you wonder why you have been led darkly afar in thickset intricacies, but that is the author's business and his prime achievement. You may be disposed to resent the bogies, the alarms, the red herrings, that beset your path and tempt you to stray. You may vow, when all is done, that things inexplicable remain inexplicable, yet no one, we think, will begin the story without finishing it right off. One fact is very perceptible. The master of fiction, whom Mr. Hake most reveres, is the author of *Our Mutual Friend*. Both in description and in characterization Mr. Hake's method shows the influence of Dickens. It may be noted in the touches of grotesque, occasionally verging on caricature, in Captain Pagham, the barge captain, who loves to talk of the joys of the "domestic hearth" yet carefully avoids the bliss; in Mr. Robert Mawson, the nervous and somewhat hysterical bank manager, and in Mr. Christopher Maggs, ship chandler, who studies the varying moods of his lodgers by the sounds of their footsteps on the stairs at night. Able Flowerdew, the "bogie man" of the story, is indeed more than touched with eccentricity, and eccentricity of an original order. This person is so timid and spiritless that he flies the country and abandons his wife merely because his wife's half-brother strikes him in her presence, and she fails to side with her feeble husband. During twelve years of foreign travel he takes to the stage and becomes an adept in disguises. On his return, in spite of his notorious timidity, everybody suspects him of having perpetrated one murder, and of an attempt at another. The oddest thing about him is, that when once he is disguised he becomes "bloody, bold, and resolute," but as no one knows of this transmuting power of disguise it is quite unexplained why he should be regarded as a fearfully dangerous character.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's *Octave of Friends* dates from the days of crinoline and croquet. These sketches, however, deal with types of character familiar to all, as friends or acquaintances, and are deftly drawn with the necessary accent of satire to yield a piquant flavour. The stories are not all stories that are included in the volume, and so styled. "My First Soirée," for example, is a graphic sketch, with a pleasant undercurrent of humour, of a young wife's first "reception," when economy and refinement were to be compassed with very limited means. Several of the stories are of the slightest texture. "Faithful and True," the longest and most elaborate, is the best of the series. The much-tried heroine of this pretty story must surely be accounted the patient Griselda of all the betrothed maidens of whose unconquerable constancy fiction tells.

A *Fair Freelance* is compacted of the rankest growth of melodrama, after the school of the Gothic romancer. It opens with a description of a furious storm, so terrible that the village idiot forbears to "brave the elements," as was his habit, "like a very inferior class of Ajax." Squire Thellusson, of the Chace, a noble castle at Scanden-on-the-Moors, has not long since married the beautiful Hinda, of the "steel-blue eyes," the very model of a wild and wonderful adventures. The Chace is fit residence for her. It is made up of tapestried chambers, secret doors and passages, a ruined keep, *oubliettes*, and all the fascinating features of the venerable home of an ancient and noble family. As young Mr. Thellusson and his friend Lord Ballyhoolan discuss the infatuation of the Squire in the quiet of their own quarters, it seems to them that "a short fierce laugh" is heard and the "sweep of silken drapery" at the far end of the chamber. These little incidents are but faint premonitions of the terrible deeds of horror that befall and engulf in ruin every member of the Thellusson family.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL DE MARBOT.*

WE would not easily have believed on the assurance of the most trustworthy of men that there existed in France down to the other day, unpublished and unquoted, an autobiography of absolutely first-rate interest, written by a man who had been in the very midst of the most famous military transactions of the Napoleonic time. If we had been further told that not only was the matter of this manuscript of the highest interest, but that its style had some of the best qualities of those French memoirs which are among the most delightful reading in the world, our incredulity would have been great indeed—the probability that our informant was mistaken would have so greatly exceeded the probability that he was right. Our scepticism would have been misplaced. These memoirs are all our imaginary authority has asserted them to be. The Baron de Marbot was not only a man who had led a singularly varied life, but he was excellently qualified to tell it. What his career, as far as he recorded it himself, was outlined in his dedication of his autobiography to his wife and his two sons:—

Ma chère femme, mes chers enfants, j'ai assisté, quoique bien jeune encore, à la grande et terrible Révolution de 1789. J'ai vécu sous la Convention et le Directoire. J'ai vu l'Empire. J'ai pris part à ses guerres gigantesques et j'ai failli être écrasé par sa chute. J'ai souvent approché de l'empereur Napoléon. J'ai servi dans l'état major de cinq de ses plus célèbres Maréchaux—Bernadotte, Augereau, Murat, Lannes, et Masséna. J'ai connu tous les personnages marquants de cette époque. J'ai subi l'exil en 1815. . . . J'ai donc été témoin de bien des événements, j'ai beaucoup vu, beaucoup retenu, et puisque vous désirez depuis longtemps que j'écrive mes mémoires en faisant marcher de front le récit de ma vie et celui des faits mémorables auxquels j'ai assisté, je cède à vos instances.

The Baron de Marbot had a second career after Waterloo; but his memoirs stop at that date. The two volumes already published carry the story down to the recall of Masséna after the battle of Fuentes de Oñoro. Already enough is published to make a book of extraordinary interest. As the Baron de Marbot served almost always on the staff of one or another marshal, he escaped, as he himself notes, those long intervals of idleness on garrison duty which fell to the lot of the great majority of French officers even in that busy time of war. After a brief apprenticeship in the Hussars of Bercheny, he was attached to the staff of his father, the General Marbot who died during the dreadful siege of Genoa. He served through that agony, and was sent with despatches to "General Bonaparte," whom he reached just before Marengo. As aide-de-camp "à la suite" to Bernadotte he saw, or at least heard, something of the conspiracies in the army when Napoleon made himself Consul. Then on the staff of Augereau he served through the campaigns of Austerlitz, Eylau, Friedland, and Jena. He was sent with a message to Berlin just before the outbreak of war. He went to Spain with Murat, and—for he had the luck of Defoe's Cavalier to be always where the most remarkable thing was happening—helped to save the life of Godoy. In Madrid he saw that outbreak on the 2nd of May which was the beginning of the Peninsular War. As aide-de-camp to Lannes he served in Spain with the Emperor, and followed him to Austria. The Marshal died in his arms on the island of Lobau. From the staff of Lannes he passed to Masséna's, and remained in it till the old Marshal was recalled after his expulsion from Portugal by Wellington. At this point the Memoirs end for the present. We have mentioned only the chief dates—the main features which show the lie of the country. Between and around them are adventures in war and in peace, sketches of character, and of incidents on the battle-field, judgments of men and of things of which in their varied multiplicity no adequate idea can be given by mere numeration. They must be read to be appreciated, and we recommend them to all who love good tales well told.

The manner of the telling, we have already said, is excellent. The editor tells us that "En laissant à ses enfants les souvenirs de sa vie le Général de Marbot ne pensait écrire que pour le cercle étroit de son intimité." It is perhaps no evidence to the contrary that General de Marbot had from the first some intention of recording his adventures. He mentions more than once that he employed the brief intervals of rest in his campaigns in noting down the experiences which he had just gone through. Probably he had in him, more or less unconsciously, that intention to some day write his memoirs which is in so many Frenchmen—and for which, by the way, the world owes them much thanks. He can hardly have believed that his manuscript would for ever remain in the hands of his family alone. However that may be, the style becomes an old soldier of the highest type when telling his life to his sons—which is only a way of saying that it is told in the manner most charming to all readers of sound taste. He writes like a man of the world, and a gentleman without affectation, but with insight, and, where the subject inspires him, with warmth. We know of few finer battle pictures than his account of the sacrifice of the 14th Infantry on the field of Eylau, of absolutely no adventure better told than his own daring feat on the Danube in 1809, of no picture of human selfishness at once more terrible and more grimly comic than Masséna's attempt to sacrifice him at Wagram, in order to spare his own son Prosper. General de Marbot had in him a power of seeing the romance of what passed before him. There is something grandiose yet never inflated in his account—to quote two examples only—of the heroic ruse of the old and wily Hungarian colonel, who saved his regi-

* *Mémoires du Général Bon de Marbot*. Vols. I. and II. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1891.

ment of horse after Jellachich's shameful surrender to Augereau, and of the silent night march of the Russians through the French lines in the Eylau campaign. The first of these is worthy of Scott, and the second is a marvellous instance of that exaltation of patient heroism of which the Russian at his most disciplined and best is capable. We cannot quote these things, our business being to indicate what is in the book—and what manner of man tells them all. Of the man, there is nothing but good to be said. General de Marbot shows himself on every page by what he does not say, by what he does say, and by the manner of the saying, an honourable high-minded unaffected gentleman. He was emphatically "sage," with abundant fire in him on occasion; but, not to use favourite words of his own, "sacripant" or "tapageur." Partly because he was a noble by descent, with a good tradition of manners, but mainly because he was an essentially sane man, he was untouched by the ruffling and swashbuckler tone popular in the imperial armies. He looked very shrewdly at the world, and judged the doings of the great men with absolute independence. His treatment of the greatest of them all—the Emperor—is admirable. Marbot loved him, but it was on this side of idolatry. He notes that he misjudged men, and—to his honour be it said—condemns the greatest of Napoleon's crimes and follies, the invasion of Spain. Of lesser men there is a long gallery, ranging from the swaggering old hussar Perteley, who was his "substance," as the Westminster boys would say, when he joined Bercheny—"the finest regiment in the world"—up to Masséna. Of this marshal there are, indeed, two excellent pictures—one as he was at the height of his energy, during the siege of Genoa; and the other when, weakened by age and wounds and pitted against Wellington, he had fallen under the influence of his subordinates, and disgraced his grey hairs by dragging a mistress about with him. That triple *gascon* Bernadotte; the manly and kindly Augereau; Lannes the coarsely heroic, and his feud with Bessières; the quarrels and the self-seeking of all these fighting men; the amazing behaviour of Junot and his wife to Masséna's mistress; and the absurd moral indignation of Ney when he was asked to take that lady in to dinner—these are only a few of the thumb-nail sketches of the camps of the Empire which abound. General de Marbot, Frenchman as he was, had a dry humour withal, which is excellently shown in his story of the dinner which certain patriots "gave" his father. Next day it was discovered that they had left him to pay the bill, which reached the merry moderate figure of 60*l*. One more finger-post may be put up here pointing to a picture in the second volume of the rather pinchbeck splendour of the Imperial Court during the interval between the Austrian war of 1809 and the Russian disaster.

To ourselves there is a peculiar interest in the Spanish passages of these memoirs. Marbot knew Spain well. He had been in it before the peace of Amiens, during the first attack on Portugal, and saw it as it was while his master had not yet plunged it into a welter of blood and anarchy. He saw, in fact, the Spain of Goya's earlier pictures and of his latter. As we have already said, Marbot judged Napoleon's imbecile and criminal adventure with honest independence. Indeed, his tone towards it, and the whole conduct of the Spanish people, compares favourably with Napier's acrid and carping manner. Our Whig historian seems never to have been able to forgive the Spanish people for rising in support of "a despotic king and a sanguinary priesthood." With all due deference, too, towards a very gallant gentleman, an admirable military critic, and a writer of singularly good English, one may be permitted to remark that Napier was something of a pipeclay pedant, as well as of a sour Whig partisan. Now, there is no pedantry and no sourness in Marbot. He is even just to us, and gets our names quite right, though he falls into the "Sir" pitfall, which no Frenchman can escape. It is more fatal than the "de" pitfall, which swallows up so many Englishmen, or the "Don" trap, which catches English and French alike. To say that Marbot liked us would be absurd. There was no reason why he should; but when he saw good work done he did not deny that it was good because Englishmen did it. He commends many of our military practices, such as the judicious disposition of our troops under cover, which was probably less a practice of ours than a precaution of Wellington's, and the audacity of the well-mounted English cavalry officers who hung on the flanks of the French columns, and could neither be caught nor shaken off. With equal, and to us agreeable, frankness, he ranks the fire of the English infantry first among the causes of the French disasters in Spain, and before either the unconquerable hostility of the Spaniards, the ill-timed interferences of the Emperor, and the notorious squabbles of the Marshals. We will note one more story of his. It tells the history of a certain "Maréchal Chaudron," a rascal deserter from a French regiment, who collected a following of runaways from both the armies, and fortified himself in a deserted convent. He requisitioned women and provisions, with which he and his rascals, French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, lived riotously. When a French foraging party came unawares upon him he ordered it to "evacuate his dominions," and actually had the audacity to fire on it. "Maréchal Chaudron" and his band of brigands were stamped out, but he came very near running the course of some of the European adventurers who founded temporary States in India in the days of the conquest. To that was a country which had never offended him brought by the greater "Maréchal Chaudron," commonly called the Emperor Napoleon.

MINOR HUMOURISTS.*

"THE Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" is the title of a "series" in which Mr. Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little* and Mr. Davenport Adams's *Book of Burlesque* have already appeared. Mr. Barry Pain's contribution to it, which appears to consist chiefly of old newspaper articles, contains wit and humour so vigorously forced that no one could help noticing them. He would appear to have conceived the brilliant idea of alternately imitating Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the *Sporting Times*, and it is surprising that the result of his experiment contains so little matter for merriment. It may be that if he had left his models alone he would have done better, for his stories have indubitably a touch of cynicism which if it were not overdone would be rather to the taste of some readers, and he enjoys a fairly plentiful command of rather cheap pathos. In a *Canadian Canoe*, the set of trifling screeds about nothing in particular which gives its cumbrous title to the volume contains several jokes which would be well enough if they were judiciously distributed in suitable places, but do not make a story or even a satisfactory volume. "This was in the republican era, when Dullius introduced the P.N.O. line. The Carthaginian merchants, with a keen eye for business, always used P.T.O. steamers, which were insured far beyond their value by unsuspecting offices in the less tutored parts of Spain. These wild tribes did not know what P.T.O. signified, but the steamers did." And so on.

Also there are verses like this:—

Take my head on your shoulders, papa,
Let's have it back when you've done;
I only unscrewed it in jest, papa—
Only unscrewed it in fun,
And it's pleasant to lie and to think, papa,
You can give it me back all right;
My head, though it's screwed, is loose, papa,
And you, when you're screwed, are tight.

The stories told by "The Nine Muses Minus One" are perhaps rather better. They chiefly describe the Olympian gods in modern slang and inculcate pessimism. The one who is minus is Erato, who heard the other nine relate their stories all night, and then died of it. "Bill" is a non-supernatural but pessimistic story, intended to be pathetic, of a harmless little boy who came to grief and was drowned, owing to his inevitable ignorance of life. It is an immoral tale, because there is trouble enough in the world without harrowing up the feelings of those who are sufficiently weak to let themselves be harrowed. Harrowing should only be resorted to when there is something to be gained by it. The remaining story, "The Girl and the Beetle," contains a fine assortment of nonsense; but a conversation between two beetles concerning the approaching death of one of them, with which it begins, is clever and shows Mr. Barry Pain at his best. We trust the same cannot be said of his portrait which serves as frontispiece.

Rome's Great Mistress is one of those amazing and in some ways delightful works whose nature is best exhibited by an assortment of extracts. It will be observed that some of these scan, and some rhyme. Whether this was the intention of the author is known only to Mr. John Howard. The Introduction begins "I write of a most wicked age." The subject is the story of a person described as Agrippina Domitius, and asserted to have been the mother of the Emperor Nero. Mr. Howard seems to be in doubt whether he was engaged in whitewashing this lady or not. "The best proof of a woman's goodness is her popularity, and this Agrippina [Domitius] enjoyed to her last hour." Also "it must be admitted that the private execution of" Claudius (who was her "husband-uncle") "had become a State necessity." Also, "The fastidious must remember, in the perusal of these pages, that we are dealing with the morals of nearly two thousand years ago, based on the annals of the times, and that our deductions are probable to thinking; . . ." If the fastidious can only understand this sentence, let alone remembering it, they are to be congratulated. But Mr. Howard is not blind to the weaknesses of Agrippina (Domitius)'s character. "She was a strange mixture of the secret voluptuary and the shrewd censor, coupled with the possession of an iron will"—instead of which, one is tempted to add, she went about poisoning emperors. Claudius, before he was poisoned, said "Ay, Britty," to his son Britannicus, and "Be it so, my chuck," to Agrippina (Domitius). He also "seized the hand of Caractacus, shaking it warmly," and it is not surprising that "loud cheers greeted these final events," or that the company shortly after "partook of light refreshments." When Claudius called for his fool, "and his cap and bells," Agrippina (Domitius) "blushing crimson with shame," whispered to him "this is really *infra dignum*," and, soon after, "the centurion in command, in sonorous, ringing tones, gave the command '*In Salutem Imperialis—Gladii trahere*.'" Scholiasts differ as to the parsing of these remarkable words; but the most accurate translation is believed to be—*Trahere* [infinitive absolute] There occurs to me the abstract idea of drawing—*Gladii*, swords—*In*, for the better protection of—*Salutem*, the safety—*Imperialis*, of the Emperor. When Agrippina (Domitius) was making plots

* In a *Canadian Canoe*, *The Nine Muses Minus One*, and *Other Stories*, By Barry Pain. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

Rome's Great Mistress. By John Howard. Author of "The Astrologer: a Romance" &c. Stockport and London: The Western Publishing Co.; and Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1891.

(which was generally) she talked to herself or her fellow-conspirators like this:—"Six years have now elapsed since I, my noble husband lost." Mr. Howard's use of the comma is peculiar. The one after "I" in this sentence is not put there accidentally. "Plautius at a distance shall be busy kept, till Nero and myself the throne shall mount, and when in power's beams our foes we'll count." "With Claudius's death I've all to win, but, in his life I've all to lose. Then conscience work my heart for mighty ends; 'tis but a slavish soul, that fore the future bends." "He is my minion, and in his eyes I have detected oft,—a smothered look of love and lust for me." "When once upon the throne we seated are, I'll quench the fire of every rival star!" "A look of deep scorn curled her haughty lip," when she remarked to the minion, behind his back, "When I may road to power do clearly see, presumptive caittif, I'll dispose of thee!" Nero talked much like his mother. When he had employed a murderess with "catlike fingers" to poison his kinsman "Britty," and some one ventured to remark on the circumstance; "Presumptive villain!" roared Nero, passionately. Among other interesting events "All the galleys manned their yards," which must have been a noble spectacle. Poppæa said to Nero, "Now, come sweet, darling Dom," but whether she meant Domitius, or a variation of "dear Dominus," which she called him in imperial disregard of the vocative case, Mr. Howard does not explain, and we shall probably never know. Somebody learnt that "when great ones of lowly men their murderers make, they crush them after, for their safety's sake." The confusion of possessive pronouns is worthy of Major-General Stanley's ancestors. Mr. Howard uses the word "I," when it is clear from the context that the centurion meant "Yes." Perhaps the spelling "Aye" is of later date. (But cf. "Ay, Britty," *sup.*) Here are two specimens of his use of commas: "Art thou, but, centurion yet?" and this, which is still prettier, "We shall not be more, than a mile from the shore."

GEORGE DARLEY.*

THERE was once a time when certain persons, at the sound of the name of young Mr. Tennyson, shook their heads and murmured, "Ah, he will never be the peer of Mr. Darley!" That was sixty years ago, and the poppy of oblivion has been blindly scattered since then over the ashes of the author of *Sylvia*, *the May Queen*. The honours of republication and revival have been meted out to others, but never to him. Beddoes and Ebenezer Jones have found editors, but Darley has been utterly neglected. It is much if a few enthusiasts have picked up copies of *Ethelstan* and *Thomas à Beckett* to put in their libraries, side by side with *Mirandola* and *Ion*. At last, just before it was too late to recapture any personal memories of the unfortunate poet, a cousin of his own has collected his posthumous verses, and has put together a brief memoir. We do not gather that the Rev. M. J. Livingstone, who appears to be the author of this pious work, is himself a contemporary of George Darley, or ever saw him. He probably belongs to a later generation. But he has conversed with those who knew him, and prints for the first time some interesting particulars.

George Darley was younger than Shelley, but older than Keats, having been born, as it now appears, in 1795. He stammered from infancy, and this infirmity, which most of those who mention him record, increased with advancing years, and closed the doors of social intercourse against him. Born and educated in Dublin, he became a graduate of Trinity College there in 1820. Soon after this, in 1822, he published a volume of poems called *Errors of Ecstasie*. This work, of which few can boast that they have seen a copy, is described as "a dramatic dialogue between a Mystic and the Moon." Four years later appeared a miscellany of prose and verse, called *The Labours of Idleness*. In 1827, Darley proceeded further, and produced that accomplished and elegant piece of Elizabethan pastiche, *Sylvia*, *the May Queen*. Various people, such as Charles Lamb, Coleridge, and Elizabeth Barrett, gave great praise to this poem, and Darley founded high hopes upon it. The public, however, entirely refused to take any interest in *Sylvia*, and the author suffered an acute disappointment. Thirteen years later he tried again, with two historical tragedies, one of which, *Ethelstan*, contains some beautiful writing, and is perhaps Darley's finest work. These were wholly unsuccessful, and the author made no more attempts to attract public attention. In addition to these poetic efforts, he was the author of several treatises on geometry and trigonometry, for Darley was a highly trained mathematician, and he edited Beaumont and Fletcher. He died of a decline in November 1846, a thoroughly disappointed man.

It is of this truncated career that the pious hand of a relative has raised a modest memorial. If Mr. Livingstone exaggerates a little the positive value of his cousin's work, he is scarcely to be blamed; he spares us, at all events, the tasteless hyperboles usual on these occasions. Darley was not, and his kindly biographer knows that he was not, a great poet. He belonged to a class that was rather largely represented in his time, the men who were stimulated to write by an impassioned love of poetry, and by their admiration for the treasures of seventeenth-century work which

had just been re-opened to the reading public. To appreciate Darley we must remember the early verses of Leigh Hunt and Keats, we must think of Reynolds, the friend of Keats, of Wade, the author of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, of Wells, the author of *Joseph and his Brethren*, of Barry Cornwall, of George Dyer. He is less than the greatest of these, he is greater than the least; but we have to think of his work in this connexion not to do it an injustice. So far as counterfeiting the accent of the seventeenth-century went, Darley was not less skilful than the cleverest man of his generation. If a critic rose up and asserted that the following stanzas were copied from a MS. in Carew's handwriting, we should find it hard to gainsay him, unless we happened to possess a copy of Darley's *Labours of Idleness*. The touch of the cavalier-poets was never imitated with more absolute felicity:—

It is not beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts where Cupid trembling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds: nay—what are lips?
Coral beneath the ocean stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer sips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

The occasional irregularity of stress in these verses, so unlike the even versification of Darley's lyrical contemporaries, and so exactly like Donne or Carew, is a feature of their consummate art. But when Darley tries to sing on his own account, and not in imitation of the seventeenth century, his magic leaves him. *Sylvia*, *the May Queen*, is the cleverest of his sustained pieces. It is a play of the class of Nabbes, and needs only to be raggeder in some places and bolder in others to seem a genuine antique of the Caroline decay. But it is difficult indeed to discover in the whole of it one scene, or even one lyric, quite good enough to quote, not as clever imitation, but for its own sake, as poetry. Better things, we believe, can be found in the rare and almost inaccessible *Ethelstan*, where some of the ballads are quite spirited, and the blank verse, if less sweet, more nervously sustained than in *Sylvia*.

The editor of the present volume prints a collection of about 130 pages, which we gather to be now for the first time published. To these either he, or Darley himself, has given the title of *Lenimina Laborum*. These are, we suppose, the latest of Darley's poems. Many of them are graceful, a few of them are musical, but those which affect us most pleasantly are those in which imitation of others is most apparent. These newly-discovered lyrics do nothing to modify our conception of their author. Elegant, accomplished, tasteful, George Darley did not sing because he must, but because he would. His poetry lacks individuality, and could scarcely have attracted so much attention as it did in any generation less indulgent to poetic mediocrity than that which flourished between the death of Keats and the recognition of Tennyson.

The editor of this memoir states that he believes that it "gathers up all that can be told, forty years after his death," of George Darley. But that is undoubtedly not quite the case, and if we append here certain small facts regarding the poet, we do so, not to condemn the friendly editor of these remains, but to draw his attention to sources of information which will enable him, in a future edition, to enlarge his memoir. No small part of Darley's work was contributed to *The London Magazine*. He was not a member of the staff when that periodical was founded in January 1820, but he joined it very shortly afterwards. Charles Lamb told Bernard Barton that Darley was the only clever hand they had. Among the most intimate friends of Darley, and those from whom his talents received most encouragement, was Cary, the translator of Dante; his acquaintance with Cary dated, we believe, from their meeting at the office of *The London Magazine*. Bryan Waller Procter has left a sketch of the character of Darley which, we think, Mr. Livingstone has not met with. "He was," says Barry Cornwall—"without possessing ill-humour—of a sarcastic turn. Having an inveterate stammer, he was thrown almost entirely out of society, and this loneliness produced melancholy, and sometimes a little acerbity in his humour. He was once tempted by this physical ailment to travel as far as Edinburgh, to consult a professor of elocution who professed to cure similar defects. The remedy . . . produced no permanently good effect."

Mr. Patmore has published some letters addressed to Procter by Darley. They are not dated, but, from internal evidence, the first must have been written in 1819, the others in or near 1840. They testify to a warm regard for Procter, and an extreme sensitiveness to public opinion. It was through Procter that Darley became acquainted with Beddoes, whose name we are surprised not to meet with in any part of Mr. Livingstone's volume. In *The London Magazine* for December 1823, Darley, over his usual pseudonym of John Lacy (I. L.), reviewed the *Bride's Tragedy* with great warmth, as displaying "tragic powers of the very highest order." In February 1824, Beddoes was ex-

* Poems of the late George Darley. A memorial volume printed for private circulation. Liverpool: A. Holden.

pecting to be taken by Procter to be presented to Coleridge and to "John Lacy," and the latter introduction at least seems to have come off, for Beddoes (in a letter, dated April 1824, to Kelsall, which has never been published) says "Darley is a tallish, slender, pale, light-eyebrowed, gentle-looking, bald-pate, in a brown surtout, with a duodecimo under his arm—stammering to a most provoking degree, so as to be almost inconvertible." Darley is the Ajax Flagellifer of Beddoes's letters.

In 1826 we have a peep of Darley—"our old chum of the *London*"—sharing with Cary "hermit's fare, with talk as seraphical as the novelty of the divine life will permit," at Lamb's Enfield hermitage. When *Sylvia, the May Queen*, appeared, in 1829, Lamb sent Bernard Barton a copy of that "very poetical poem"; but there is no allusion to Darley in the scrappy remains of the Quaker poet, edited by Edward Fitzgerald in 1849. It does not appear that Darley's personal character greatly interested his contemporaries, and, without doubt, his infirmities of speech and of temper isolated him from them to an increasing extent. It has recently been recorded, by one of Robert Browning's biographers, that Darley exercised a considerable influence over that poet in his youth, and that he had collected material towards a memoir of Darley. These notes, it is feared, were destroyed a little while before Mr. Browning's death. We believe that if Mr. Livingstone will closely examine the memoirs and correspondence of the time he will find still other references of an interesting nature.

BUNT AND DERB.*

THE hour foreseen by Matthew the Prophet, when we shall all yawn solemnly in each other's faces, has arrived, as far as literature is concerned. "Never mind the young men, my dear," said King Valoroso, and our advice to every reader who would not dwell with the owls and other dismal creatures is never to mind the young men when they write like Mr. Arthur Lynch in *Modern Authors*. The owl-like seriousness of Mr. Arthur Lynch might make a Particular Baptist flippant in self-defence. His book is "a proposal towards introducing new principles of criticism." We all know what to expect when a thoughtful writer makes a modest proposal of that kind. Mr. Lynch belongs to the most sepulchral grave school of young men, or of new writers, for we know not, to be sure, how many summers have been wasted upon him. When we have remarked that he adores Walt Whitman, expatiates on M. Zola, and, in his list of great modern poets, inserts Mr. Browning, and leaves out the Laureate, the reader will know what manner of author he has to deal with. He is of the post-Swinburnian age, he believes not in the fearless old fashion of 1866, he passes solemn but not admiring comments on *Robert Elsmere*, and he announces the portentous discovery that "Rider Haggard is busy with the huge and improbable," while Mr. Black is "glad to get away to his salmon fishing." Mr. Lynch favours the adjectives *bunt* and *derb* (and why not *bang*?). Probably Mr. Haggard and Mr. Black are not *derb* enough, while Mr. Kipling "is burrowing in the outskirts," whatever that may mean, and is, perhaps, deficient in buntitude. Oddly enough, Mr. Lynch does not prate much about Mr. George Meredith. Most competent judges would expect Mr. Meredith to be a great god of his; but the author of *Richard Feverel* has been lucky for once, and has escaped the earnest young man of letters. Mr. Lynch desires from the reader "a candid mind." From the reviewer, who has perused his work in sorrow and heaviness, he may be glad of a candid opinion. Candidly, we think Mr. Lynch an insufferably dull writer. He appears to be transparently honest, to have read a good deal of modern literature in a thoughtful spirit, and to have taken himself and his own opinions very much to heart. He has about as much humour as Henrik Ibsen, who has Scotch blood in his veins. As a consequence, Mr. Lynch has produced a volume of essays as recalcitrant against being read as any young man of the day.

It is nearly impossible to review the detached and ponderous *dicta* of a critic like Mr. Lynch. In his first page he tells us that Wordsworth actually spoke of pedlars and waggoners, and neglected the poetical terms "swain" and "nymph." Even as a college essay this would be a belated piece of information. Moreover, it is Wordsworth who calls a gun "a deadly tube." Mr. Lynch enters on serious business when he observes that "capable criticism has most to deal with three factors: The intellectual grasp; the emotional coefficient (calibre, bore, scope, range) (and the field itself being given) the experience, knowledge of the field—the latter being again divided into the intellectual and emotional elements. Under these divisions, too, the *bunt* display of life," and so on. Candidly, this all seems to us a portentously pedantic way of writing, nor, by taking thought, can we sort out all these metaphors from artillery practice. What is Scott's "bore," for example, and how does the bore match with the *bunt* in his works? After all this comes a series of scraps from Mr. Oscar Wilde, and from Mrs. Humphry Ward, and from Mr. Swinburne, and Walt Whitman, given as examples, we presume, of comparative bore and *bunt*. Mr. Lynch solemnly compares Mrs. Ward to Byron, and charges heavily in favour of his lordship. Mr. Lynch thinks that the French excel in the

derb quality, which we lack, which, in fact, "we have thrown away for gingerbread." As for Mr. Lynch, he thinks that if "tender eyes smile on us," "it adds but little to the sum of our delight if still another pair of tender eyes languish and smile." Mr. Lynch may speak for himself; the more the pairs of tender eyes, the *derber* the buntitude is the opinion of others. M. Zola is very *derb* indeed, Mr. Lynch thinks. He then quotes the following rubbish from Keats:—

The wind outblows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion,
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes.

And gravely adds:—"Keats is a Greek himself." If a Greek at all, he was a Greek of the school of Coluthus, when he wrote this text. Mr. Lynch calls Keats's *Autumn* "that easy comfortable poem." He says that the life of Walt Whitman is *bunt*. Of Sir Walter Mr. Lynch remarks, with capitals, that "he seems like a Great Boy, expansive, enormous. . . . He can be colossally dull." Mr. Lynch not only can be, but invariably is, colossally dull. Into our humble vision he comes as a Great Prig. But we do agree with him when he says, once for all, "Keats was a poet." Yes, Keats was a poet and Mr. Lynch is a bore, a *bunt* bore, if you like, a *derb* bore very possibly, but undeniably, from first page to last, a bore of the heaviest calibre. To say less than this were to be uncandid. Mr. Lynch is not only dull himself, he is the cause of dullness in others, and to read his book would handicap a prig, however notorious for hilarity, it would diminish the proverbial jollity of a post-boy, it would make *Robert Elsmere* seem as frivolous as Gyp. We turn from *Modern Authors* under a leaden oppression, which not even *Tristram Shandy* can alleviate.

SARUM CHARTERS.*

USEFUL as the documents printed in this volume will doubtless be to Wiltshire and Dorsetshire antiquaries, very few of them are of any general interest. A county Record Society could scarcely employ its funds to better purpose than in printing matter of this sort; it is not so clear that the work should be undertaken at the public expense. The publication of the series of *Chronicles and Memorials*, of the *Calendars of State Papers*, and of the results of the work of the Historical MSS. Commissioners has done much for the cause of research, besides putting within the reach of students a large number of the best original authorities. It has stimulated local effort, and has led to the publication, by societies or otherwise, of documents that illustrate the history of different towns and counties. We do not want to see this new activity weakened by over-indulgence. Let the grants of public money made for the publication of historical authorities be applied strictly to the publication of those that are of general importance, and let local matters be left to local industry and enterprise. Those entrusted with the direction of the series of *Chronicles and Memorials* may be expected to confer a signal benefit on the editors of materials for local history, by affording them an example of the way in which they should do their work. Without going beyond the volume before us we can show that in this respect there is something to be desired. We have here a selection of documents from certain Registers belonging to the Bishop of Sarum and the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury. What amount of discretion has been exercised in making this selection? On page 88 is printed a judgment on a dispute between the Bishop of Sarum and the Abbot of Malmesbury concerning the right to certain lands and advowsons. This is followed by another document, which is simply the composition between the parties, founded on the foregoing judgment; this again by a formal charter on the same matter; this again by a declaration that the deeds respecting the composition have been received by one of the judges for deposit in the Abbey of Cirencester, and this again by an acknowledgment from the Abbot of Cirencester that the deeds had been deposited in his house. Now, there is no purpose that would not have been served sufficiently if only the first of these documents had been printed, the purport of the rest being indicated by their present Latin headings. Much space, too, is wasted in this, as in other volumes of the series, by printing all the merely formal phrases which occur in the charters. What object can be gained by printing over and over again the usual opening words of charters, or by inserting all the repetitions and all the legal pleonasm as we have them here? Using an asterisk or two to show where one or more words of form had been omitted, an editor of ordinary intelligence could give the reader all that he wanted to know in a much smaller space. The preparation of this volume was begun by the Rev. W. R. Jones, the editor of the *Registrum S. Osmundi* in the same series, and after his death, which took place in 1885, was completed by the Rev. W. D. Macray. The documents extend from 1109 to 1300. A praiseworthy attempt has been made to supply such of them as are undated with dates determined by the names of witnesses. Among those which may be read with some interest are a deed

* *Modern Authors*. By Arthur Lynch. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

* *Charters and Documents illustrating the History of the Cathedral, City, and Diocese of Salisbury in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*. Selected by the late Rev. W. R. Jones, M.A., F.S.A., and edited by the Rev. W. D. Macray, M.A., F.S.A. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1891.

executed at Falaise by the Empress Matilda in 1148, restoring to the Church of Sarum certain lands which she appears to have held unjustly; an agreement between Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II., and Bishop Jocelin, dated 1152, respecting the castle at Devizes; a conveyance by the Warden and Brethren of the Hospital of St. Giles, London, to Herbert Poore, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and afterwards Bishop of Sarum, of tenements in Fleet Street; and a licence from Bishop Richard Poore to Sir Ralph Belet to keep a chaplain *ad mensam suam* to perform divine service in his chapel at Woodford. The Constitutions of Bishop Richard Poore have been printed once or twice before. No doubt the Sarum manuscript used here represents what may be called the first edition of them; Poore probably reissued them, with some small variations, after his translation to Durham. In printing them in his *Concilia* Wilkins used a Durham MS., and ascribed the first part of them to Richard Marsh, Poore's predecessor in that see. The charter of Henry III., ratifying the removal of the see of Sarum to Salisbury, is printed in the *Monasticon* and elsewhere. A legendary account of the foundation of the new church represents Bishop Richard as meditating the removal of the see to Wilton. With this idea in his mind he made, we are told, many visits to the Abbess. During one of them a nun, so the story goes, made a strange remark to one of her companions:—"Miror, inquit, de episcopo isto qui toties Wilton vadit; forte intendit abbatissam desponsare, quia postquam de Roma venit solito sæpius huc venit; putas, inquit, ne papa possit dispensare cum eo quod eam duceret in uxorem?" The Abbey of Wilton fell into some decay by the middle of the thirteenth century; its buildings were in ruins, and the revenues of the house were not sufficient for their restoration. Bishop William assigned the convent certain tithes to enable the sisters to repair their buildings. Besides removing the see, Bishop Richard did much for his church in the matter of organization. This is illustrated here not only by his Constitutions, but by a record of the values of the various prebends, a scheme of the terms of residence to be kept by the canons, an injunction as to the order to be observed at the installation of a dean, and other documents. A glossary is added to the volume, the character of which has caused us some astonishment. It includes "assisa panis et cerevisie," "cissor," "dalmatica," "dapifer," "escaetor," and other equally familiar words. Does the editor believe them to be unusual, or does he think that the *Chronicles* and *Memorials* of the Rolls Series are edited "in usum scholarum"?

ROCKINGHAM CASTLE.*

WHEN Mr. Clark has described the fabric of an ancient castle and the late Mr. Hartshorne its documentary history it might be thought there would be little more to tell. But Mr. Wise, by interweaving an account of the successive families which have borne the name of Watson and have held the estate, has given a new and vivid interest to the dry antiquarian facts with which he had to deal. First there was Edward Watson, who obtained from Philip and Mary a lease of Rockingham, which was subsequently turned into a freehold. He married Dorothy, or Dowse, daughter of Chief Justice Montagu, and otherwise strengthened the family alliances and increased its prosperity; so that, when he died in 1584, he was able to leave his son a good estate in Northamptonshire. The chief figure, however, in this, the original Watson family, was his grandson Lewis, who was knighted by James I., and married successively into two of the noblest families in the realm; for his first wife was a Bertie, and his second a Manners. In the middle of the King's troubles and the great Rebellion he was made Lord Rockingham. His son, the second Lord, married a Wentworth, the daughter of Strafford; and his grandson, the third, married an heiress, named Sondes, and was made Viscount Sondes and Earl of Rockingham. With the first Earl's grandson the Watsons became extinct in the direct line. A cousin, Lewis Monson, son of Lord Monson, succeeded to Rockingham, assuming the Watson surname, and was made Lord Sondes. Meanwhile, the third son of the second Lord Rockingham had assumed the name of Wentworth; and his son, again, had been made Marquess of Rockingham, and was the father of Charles, the Marquess who figures in history as the head of the Rockingham Ministry. But, as Mr. Wise remarks, "having laboured ardently for the good of the State, and directed its affairs through a critical period, the Marquess of Rockingham's name is now associated by nine persons out of ten, not with his statesmanship, but with the celebrated Rockingham china (also known as 'Rockingham Pot') made on his estate at Swinton, near Rotherham." The Prime Minister left no children, and his estates went to the Fitzwilliams. He had never owned the castle from which his title was derived. The present representative of the Watson family is Lord Sondes, whose surname is Milles, and who by descent is a Monson; but the present owner of the castle is, by a family arrangement, his cousin, Mr. George Lewis Watson, so that there are three families, all with different surnames, yet all derived from the same stock in the male line.

The ancient royal castle of Rockingham does not figure very

conspicuously in history. There was some kind of Saxon stronghold here, and it was held before the Norman invasion by Bovi, who, however, had disappeared before the keep was built, as we know from Domesday, by William the Conqueror; and that it was a place of some strength is apparent not only from existing remains, but also from the description given by Leland in his *Itinerary*. It stands, according to him, on the top of a hill "right stately, and hath a mighty dicke, and bullwarkes agayne without the dicke." The keep was then still standing, "and in the waulles be certain strong towers." The garrison, as at Middleham and many other places, had been formed of contingents from the nearest royal manors, some fifteen of which are here enumerated. A good deal of what is now called "restoration" went on in the old Castle from the time of Edward Watson, and it preserves a look of antiquity, now unhappily very rare. "On emerging from the inner arch of the gateway, the scene at once shifts, and we exchange the massive, frowning Norman and Edwardian front for the picturesque ivy-clad quadrangle of an Elizabethan and Jacobean dwelling-house." The mound, or part of it, on which the keep once stood is still to be seen among the old clipped yews of the garden; and the Norman eastern wall, about nine feet thick, still reaches from the mound to the entrance gateway. The Roundheads pollarded the best trees to make stockades, but all has had ample time to grow again, and "the once celebrated Forest of Rockingham is now represented by detached woods, more or less extensive." There is probably no part of England better wooded than this district of Northamptonshire, with its "long straight 'ridings' with a church seen at the end; the circuitous 'ring ridings' where the wanderer may easily lose himself; and the intricate narrow paths, all but hidden from sight, which lead to wild and secluded nooks." The castle itself, as Mr. Clark observes, is a marked feature in the landscape, as it is placed upon a sort of promontory which juts out from the tableland of the forest towards the Welland, and is protected on each side by a deep ravine.

Mr. Wise's volume is sufficiently but not very lavishly illustrated. The appendix of notes and documents at the end contains, besides a number of full and careful pedigrees, the monumental inscriptions on the tombs of the chief persons mentioned in the body of the book, and there is an excellent index.

NEW MUSIC.

FROM Joseph Williams we have three songs by Lady Ramsay of Bamff: "Tears, Idle Tears"; "Ask me no more"; "If thou must love me"; all for a contralto voice. The composer is to be congratulated on having sought her words in such high quarters as Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, but the choice involves a corresponding responsibility, to which she is hardly equal. "Tears, Idle Tears" in particular is one of the most perfect poems in existence; only two song-writers who ever lived could have done it full justice—Beethoven and Schubert. The present setting, however, has merit, it is quite vocal with a natural flow of melody, though reminiscent of Wagner. What it lacks is strength; more inspiration and more scholarship are both needed. "Ask me no more" is more adequate to the words, and has an effective finale; but here again the opening phrase occurs in a song of Bendel's and the abrupt change from B flat to B natural on page 7 is very awkward. Lady Ramsay evidently holds with the maxim that composition is a happy effort of memory, for her third song begins with Schumann; the violoncello obbligato simply doubles the bass. Still these songs are decidedly above the level of ordinary amateur work, and at any rate perfectly inoffensive.

Weekes & Co. publish several compositions by J. Matthews, including a Sonata and some short pieces for the organ, a "Legend of the Woods," for piano and violin, and a song entitled "The Mother to her Child." Of these the last is the best. It is a very charming lullaby, which may be strongly recommended, and, indeed, narrowly escapes being a real gem; light sopranos need not wish for a prettier song. The original German words have been deliciously set by Weber; but the more modern style of Mr. Matthews is so different as to challenge no comparison. He is evidently an accomplished musician with an excellent technical equipment, and knows how to write a full accompaniment which supports but does not overwhelm the voice part. His other compositions are not so satisfactory; the sonata is rather laboured, and the short pieces show but little originality. They are, however, all scholarly serious work, and entitled to respect.

Of four songs—"Break, Break, Break," "A Birthday Song," "Adieu," "Wenn zwei von einander scheiden," by Adrienne Ardenne (Weekes & Co.)—precisely the opposite may be said. They bear from first to last the stamp of the amateur—that is to say, the voice-part is a commonplace jingle, the accompaniment a threadbare tum-tum. No doubt there is a public for these things, and to such Adrienne Ardenne's effusions will be welcome, but they have nothing to do with music. "A Birthday Song" is the best, and has a certain agreeable swing. The Heine is, of course, termed a *Lied* and treated with playfulness—the playfulness of the schoolroom. Yet another song from the same publishers might conceivably make a hit. It is called "Ancient and Modern," addressed to young ladies not about to be married; they are advised that, if they want the men to come on, they must dissemble their love and not seem too eager. This is the arch style, which has many admirers; the music, by H. T.

* *Rockingham Castle and the Watsons*. By C. Wise. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

Wyon, has the advantage of having already met with public favour.

"Fate," by Robin H. Legge (Ascherberg & Co.), is a very poor effort.

Wickins & Co.'s "Pianoforte Tutor" aims at teaching that instrument to children from the very beginning, and should prove useful for the purpose. The printing, "done in Germany," is exceedingly clear, an important point for the young. In the same publishers' "Irish Songs" (No. 20, Grosvenor College Album), Moore and Lever are apparently used as a background for introducing "Nellie O'Neil," by Ed. Silva.

"The Dinted Shield," a song by Henry Logé (Ricordi & Co.), is written without knowledge of the voice. The bulk of it is for a contralto, the finale for a baritone. Mr. Logé has written many songs, but he will never write a successful one until he learns to distinguish the strong and weak points of the different voices; and then perhaps he will not do it. "Dreams of Home," by W. G. Wood, is, like a thousand others, neither good nor bad, but indifferent.

"Missa de Sancto Albano," by B. Agutter (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), is a Communion service, in full mass form, for solo voices, chorus, and organ. The composer understands the last, but is dreadfully at sea with the voice, whether single or combined. No instrument is so difficult to write for as this, because of its limited range and strict requirements, which are completely ignored by most modern composers, and especially by those who sign themselves Mus.Doc. The old sacred music rested on three things—sympathy with the voice, profound musical scholarship, and deep religious feeling. All are rare nowadays. Dr. Agutter is no exception, and it is impossible to speak well of this Mass.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PICTURE to yourselves, on the confines of what was once the Duchy of Lithuania, a little town called Sczybow (pronounce Schybuw), says the translator of *Meier Ezofowicz*, from the Polish of E. P. Orzesko (1). A little town built and peopled entirely and exclusively by patriarchal and primitive Jews, who wear caftans, turbans, and, when they can afford them, costly furs; whose wives cover their shaven heads with wigs, whose daughters are wedded by contract, without any sentimental regard to their own feelings, in the good old Asiatic manner. For Sczybow (pronounce Schybuw) is a corner of Semitic Asia dropped in Southern Europe, whose inhabitants live according to the letter of the Talmud, fleeing from the wrath of public schools and the contamination of a corrupt civilization. Sczybow is dominated by two warring influences; one commercial, financial, represented by the wealthy family of the Ezofowicz; the other spiritual, fanatical, mystical, represented by the renowned Rabbi Todros, who bears the title of Nassi (prince), borne by those ancestors who fled thither from Spain, supposed even in far-off Christian communities to be gifted with almost magical power and learning. Yet neither Rabbi Todros nor the greater part of his followers could either speak or write the language of the people among whom they dwelt, for until they were thirty they learned nothing but the Talmud. With the Ezofowicz, descendants of Michael Ezofowicz, created Senior (ruler or governor of all the Jews in the land) by the wise King Sigismund I, as a mediator between them and himself, it was otherwise. They had lost their political power, but their wealth had increased, and they had dealings far and wide, and ships upon distant seas, and contracts with their Christian neighbours. Out of this family arose a young would-be saviour of his people, and when we part from him at the end of the book, he has turned his back upon the house of his fathers, upon the excommunication of the Nassi, and the tragic love that is part of his sacrifice, a wanderer in search of that wisdom that gives light. The quaint richness of detail of this study of manners is enhanced by biblical simplicity of narration; the characters of Meier, his grandfather Saul, his uncle Abraham, of the Karaite maiden, the fanatical schoolmaster Melamel, the fanatical innkeeper and illicit distiller, the brave, light-hearted young Polish magnate, and perhaps, above all, of the terrible Nassi, betray rather than they exhibit a keen psychologic insight that is never allowed to mar the proportions of this fresh and original work, which is enriched by twenty-six admirable illustrations by Andrioli.

In *Allerlei aus Albion* (2), Herr Wilhelm Brand discusses the Royal Family, the Aristocracy, Society, Club-life, Housekeeping, the East-End, the Salvation Army, Seaside Life, Feasts, Fogs, of Old England, not even disdaining the side-lights that are, or rather were, cast upon the amenities of rational dress. He has an interesting chapter on the People's Palace, and a great admiration for Mr. Walter Besant and "His Excellency" General Booth, a shuddering remembrance of the loving-cup at the Lord Mayor's banquet, and a certain complacency in the German sympathies and tendencies he attributes to the Greatest Lady in the Land. His essays form an amusing and not inaccurate guide-book to social London, a bird's-eye view from the standpoint of a carrier-pigeon.

Herr H. von Samson-Himmelstierna's work on Russia casts a

(1) *Meier Ezofowicz. Erzählung aus dem Leben der Juden.* Von E. P. Orzesko. Autorisierte Uebersetzung von Leonhard Brixen. Dresden und Leipzig: Heinrich Minen.

(2) *Allerlei aus Albion.* Von Wilhelm Brand. Leipzig: Carl Reiszner.

deeper glance at the social geography of contemporary Russia. *Russia under Alexander III.* (3), treats of architecture, art, hygiene, or rather the neglect of it, court life, nihilism, clerical atrocities, Russian statesmen, a potential Russian Parliament, and a problematic Russian future. Despite a great amount of useful and varied information, and evidences of the careful study of more than one vital question, a constrained style, and the lack either of quick perception or of the power to express it, render these inadequate "St. Petersburg Sketches" somewhat heavy reading.

Zenobia Fedorowitch, the Serpent in the Russo-Polish Paradise wherein Herr von Sacher-Masoch has laid the scene of his *Schlange im Paradies* (4), was a beautiful and fascinating widow who turned heads, broke hearts, set the fashions, and scandalized the society of a provincial town, until she met with Sergius Botuschkan, a travelled prig, who declined to fall in love with her, but offered to arrange her very involved affairs. These affairs were debts to Jew money-lenders (people of a class who have already sat to the author in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), and mortgages on her estates. Pending their settlement, the siren sought refuge with some country cousins, the Meniows of Michalowka. The havoc she there wrought affords Herr Sacher-Masoch an opportunity for the study of that Slav provincial life that he knows so well and has elsewhere depicted so successfully. But the slight thread upon which this story hangs, the absence of plot, the simplicity of characters—who but for certain exotic attributes and idiosyncracies would be commonplace—render it unfit for the diluted form of a three-volume novel. Zenobia is painfully unreal, while the Meniows, their rustic coterie, their dependents, their old manor-house, possessions, and surroundings have all the relief of his earlier work.

Dr. Ferdinand Khull's version of an old Icelandic romance tells with commendable directness and power the stirring story of three generations of Norsemen, of love stronger than death, of heroism and endurance, of evil overcome by wisdom and physical courage, culminating in the episode of *Viglund und Ketilrid* (5). Viglund and his brother Trausti killed, in fair fight, the treacherous sons of worthy Holmkel and his wicked wife Thorbjörg, and fleeing for their lives passed three years of adventurous exile on the mainland. Viglund loved Ketilrid, Holmkel's daughter:—

In the night which was to be the last for Viglund and Trausti in Iceland, the two brothers went to Foss and entered the room in which Ketilrid sat spinning and her maidens slept. She received them joyfully and spake: "It is long since we last met" (the brothers had been hidden in a dungeon and tended of their wounds for a year by their mother Olaf the Fair after they had slain Ketilrid's brothers), "but I am glad that you are well and on your feet again." Now they sat down with Ketilrid and spake long with her. Viglund told her of his project, and she rejoiced over it and said, "If it goes well with you, then I am satisfied, whatever my fate may be."

Then Viglund said, "Do not marry, O Ketilrid, during my absence." "That rests with my father," she replied. "I cannot dispose of myself. I will be obedient to him, and perhaps you would not fare better than I if it were otherwise." Then Viglund prayed the maiden to cut his hair and wash his head. When she had done this, he spake: "I swear to thee that none shall cut my hair nor wash my head as long as thy life lasts." Then they three went out and parted from one another at the boundary place, and it was seen how hard it was for them to part. Viglund kissed the weeping maid and wended with his brother towards the ship. But Ketilrid returned to the house. . . . The anchor was raised, the wind blew from the land. . . . Trausti wedded Ingiborg in Norway; the brothers, especially Viglund, won fame and honour, sailing in the summer in the *Wiking*. And three years passed. But the memory of Ketilrid never faded from the mind of Viglund.

There were fresh trials for Ketilrid and Viglund, on the return of the latter to Iceland; but faith and trust were rewarded at last, and "Holmkel gave his daughter Ketilrid to Viglund to wife; and herewith ends this history."

Nihilisten (6) is a grim Nihilistic chronicle, beginning in Moscow and ending in Siberia. It deals rather with circumstance than with character, bristles with incoherent accounts of intrigue, murder, and arson, and closes with the marriage of a beneficent doctor and the daughter of a long line of victims, and the reading by the beneficent doctor of a perfectly unintelligible poem entitled "The Fable of a Czar." After the perusal of this poem the doctor decides that the "old order is about to disappear amid débris and bloodshed, after which disappearance it will behove Russia either to prove her right to a place among civilized nations or to content herself with one among those lower races who are doomed never to rise above savagery."

Heinz Hellwig was an elegant young commercial gentleman who married the daughter of his employer, broke her heart, the hearts of his friend Karl Salten and the latter's affianced, enjoyed the fortune which really belonged to Karl Salten, and meets the reader at the end of the volume, *Zum Frieden* (7), at peace with every one. "Zum Frieden!" ejaculates the author, after the recital of Mr. Hellwig's achievements; "learn to resign yourselves; that is the first commandment. All the striving and struggling for enjoyment, riches, and superfluities is useless; for they are

(3) *Russland unter Alexander III., mit Rückblicken auf die jüngste Vergangenheit.* Herausgegeben von H. von Samson-Himmelstierna (Victor Frank). Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.

(4) *Die Schlange im Paradies. Russischer Sittenroman.* Von L. v. Sacher-Masoch. Mannheim: J. Bensheimer.

(5) *Viglund und Ketilrid. Eine altisländische Novelle.* Aus dem Urtext frei und verkürzt übertragen von Ferdinand Khull. Gratz: Leuchner und Lubensky.

(6) *Nihilisten.* Von Wilhelm Goldsmidt. Mannheim: J. Bensheimer.

(7) *Zum Frieden. Roman aus der Gegenwart.* Von Paul Bliss. Dresden: E. Pierson.

perishable. One thing only is eternal, love! And the second commandment is, Love one another! This preachment is an unexpected tag to the hero's exploits.

A monograph by Luise von Kobell (Frau von Eisanhart) records walks and talks with Ignatius von Döllinger (8), in which the enthusiastic biographer justifies the desire, gracefully expressed in her preface, "to augment the number of Herr von Döllinger's friends and admirers, and to assuage and reconcile his enemies." The frontispiece represents the great theologian surrounded by his friends under the garden windows of his villa at Tegernsee.

We hope to give more space in a future article to Herr Brugsch's "Biblical Seven Years of Famine" (9), after the ancient Egyptian rock-inscription. It is illustrated by thirty-two autographic tables and two woodcuts.

We have besides to acknowledge three numbers of the *Encyclopädie der Naturwissenschaften*; *Handwörterbuch der Chemie* (Breslau: Eduard Trewendt); *A Study on Adam Smith and the Development of Political Economy*, by Dr. W. Hasbach; the first volume of *Beiträge zur Geographie des festen Wassers*, published by the Leipzig Geographical Society (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot); the first number of the fifth volume of the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft*, edited by Herr L. Quidde (Freiburg: J. C. Mohr); *An Advanced German Grammar*, by Herr Franz Lange, III. "Advanced Course"; *A Complete German Grammar* (London: Whittaker & Co.); *A Manual of Jurisprudence*, by Dr. Alb. Herm. Post (Oldenburg and Leipzig: A. Schwartz); *A Word to Friends and Opponents on the International Education Scheme*, by Herr Herman Molkenboer (Flensburg: Aug. Wertphalen); and a small pamphlet on *Healing Magnetism*, by Dr. Eduard Reich (Berlin: Adolf Klein).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ARTHUR COQUARD'S book (1) on the history of music in France during the last hundred years and a little more, though not a large volume, contains more details about French composers of the minor kind than, we should imagine, can be found in any manual of similar dimensions. Despite his title, the author does diverge into accounts of the musicians of other countries, and has, indeed, long characterizations of most of the masters of the Italian and German schools. But he lets England severely alone. Not a single English name, from Balfe to Sullivan, occurs, so far as we have noticed; a slight which, no doubt, will take all the sweetness out of Admiral Gervais's visit to us, and more than requite us for the base triumph of Waterloo. M. Coquard, however, who dedicates his book to probably the most learned of living musicians, M. Gevaert, of Brussels, is himself a learned person, and, despite a leaning towards modernity, is tolerably catholic and tolerably critical. Admitting and welcoming the reforms of the divine Wagner, he admits also that the divine one must not be followed too implicitly; and, disapproving heartily of the Italian school, he has still some admiration even for Verdi, which is more than we have a right to expect, and enough to be thankful for. The only point where the combination of charity and criticism seems to break down is Offenbach. We had hoped that the usual foolish reaction which follows excessive popularity might have by this time given place to equitable judgment in M. Coquard. There are at any rate some people who can open their arms not merely to the *Traviata* as well as to *Fidelio*, but even to *Orphée aux Enfers*, as well as to *Lohengrin*. But M. Coquard is not of these Don Juans. "Avec Offenbach," says he sadly, "nous tombons lourdement" into caricature and scandal. *Orphée* is the first of a series of "charges odieuses." "On nous dispensera de citer les platitudes qui en découlent." The *Chanson de Fortunio* and the *Contes d'Hoffmann* only find grace as showing that he might have been a composer. Well! well! the grace of Panoplausticism is given to few, and those who have it should be all the more thankful.

After working pretty hard to provide the frequenters *des eaux* with yellow volumes, the French novelist generally gives himself a holiday, and his immortal works become scarce till November or thereabouts. We have still, however, a book by one of the best French novelists now living to notice. M. Theuriet's *Mademoiselle Roche* (2) begins with the everlasting Three, but this is only a prelude. Mademoiselle Roche is a little girl as to whose paternity it was surely unnecessary to be so exact. "La recherche de la paternité est interdite" is a thoroughly sound principle in literature, though we have no great admiration for the Code Napoléon in life. But the Triangle business is, as we said, purely preliminary. Germaine Roche is unhappy in her family. Her putative father dies of apoplexy at discovering, years after its beginning, his wife's *liaison*; the lover quits the country, and later dies mad; the mother, after taking to piety and hatred of Germaine, herself dies when the girl is still young. There are good sketches in connexion with this part of the story—

(8) *Ignaz von Döllinger. Erinnerungen.* Von Luise von Kobell. München: Beck'sche Buchhandlung (Oscar Beck).

(9) *Die biblischen sieben Jahre der Hungersnoth.* Von Heinrich Brugsch. Leipzig: I. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.

(1) *De la musique en France depuis Rameau.* Par Arthur Coquard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Mademoiselle Roche.* Par André Theuriet. Paris: Lemerre.

the character of Mauricette Roche—though anything but favourable to womankind, is singularly true. But Germaine herself, and an eccentric cousin—an old maid named Philiberte Destilleuls, who saves her from mere neglect or worse—are the real figures of interest. Philiberte is one of the best things recently done after the large, sane, and human style, not in the absurd exaggeration of passing *engouement* by a French novelist. Her "Pèlerinage aux Charmettes" is as humorous as anything of Charles de Bernard's. Either intentionally or by accident, M. Theuriet has shown how to do well, in accordance with art and once for all, in a dozen lines the Extreme Unction scene which M. Zola has botched and bored and bungled over in *Le Rêve* for a chapter. And Germaine's reply to Mère Lucie de Jésus when, an unconventional wildling, she has been transplanted to a fashionable convent, and is asked "ce que je pensais de la conduite de Jonathan envers Saul," "Ça m'est égal, ma mère," is productive of deep peace.

The two other novels before us are of less importance; though the two stories, the title one and *Les amours d'un clown* (3) in M. Cadol's book are carried off in his usual craftsmanlike manner. Madame Floran's (4) style is heavy and full of *clichés*. At this time of day you really must not "rompre un silence que quelques minutes de durée rendaient déjà embarrassant," and we do not think you may speak of "cette vie dont chaque étape est un désenchantement et une désillusion." But the story is somewhat better than the style.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

VICTORIAN POETS, by Amy Sharp (Methuen & Co.), a contribution to the "University Extension Series," is designed to provide guidance that is "preparatory to the much fuller and more detailed study encouraged by attendance on a course of lectures." In some respects Miss Sharp is well qualified to act as the personal conductor of that young and yearning person, the Extension student, or the Home-reader in a circle. In the first place, her faith in lectures is profound. She writes with knowledge and sympathy, and has mastered the whole art of admiration. Her criticism is generally of the appreciative kind, and a trifle inconclusive on the literary side; yet it is, for the most part, either substantially just or of excellent tendency. There is some fear, however, that Miss Sharp will make of the Extension student a pampered person. By the time he is prepared to take poetry seriously in the lecture-room, his mind may already be the storehouse of a choice assortment of ready-made judgments. He may follow Miss Sharp in ranking Mr. Browning among the eight major poets of the Victorian era. He will probably be led to wrestle with what is called "difficult poetry." He will certainly delight himself, perversely or priggishly, in all that is positively ugly or intentionally eccentric in the poetry of Mr. Browning. We do not wish it to be understood that Miss Sharp's book directly incites to all these excesses. It is true that Mrs. Browning is assigned a position which is absurdly inconsistent with the mediocrity of her achievements; but it is not a little odd to note that Miss Sharp is by no means insensible to the defects of the idol she has set up. Among "Minor Poets," Miss Christina Rossetti is disposed of in one page, and Dora Greenwell is not so much as mentioned. But the minor bards, excepting Mrs. Browning and Clough, are very coyly handled by Miss Sharp, despite the brave commendation of them in her preface. There is good preparation for the youthful student, however, in the criticism and illustrative comment of Miss Sharp's essays on the Poet Laureate, Browning, Arnold, Rossetti, and Mr. Swinburne.

Birthright in Land (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) is the title given by Mr. D. G. Macdonald to a reprint of an "Essay on the Right of Property in Land," by William Ogilvie, of King's College, Aberdeen, published anonymously in 1782. Ogilvie's essay, which was obviously inspired by the writings of Locke, is a speculative discourse of the academical order, and is dedicated by the author—himself a landlord—with great admiration, to certain English landlords, who had "of late years" abated the rent of their tenants. No country under the sun, Ogilvie declares, was less in need of reformations in land laws and land tenure than England. Such is the essay which Mr. Macdonald has selected to serve as a peg for certain longwinded and incoherent denunciations of "landlordism" and "priests," which it pleases him to call "Biographical Notes." He derives his notion of birthright in land by citing the Fifth Commandment in this fashion:—"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee: Birthright Tenure!" Upon this text does Mr. Macdonald propound some wondrous riddles. "Why," he asks, "is it that the laws of Moses have been disregarded as to Property in Land? Why is it that such works as Buchan's *De Jure Regni*, Locke's *Civil Government*, Professor Ogilvie's *Right of Property in Land*, and Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, are not read in every cottage, and authorized to be taught in every school in the three kingdoms? Where is George Buchanan now?" "where is our Great-Grandfather of British Liberty and True Radicalism?" These questions are hard to answer, though

(3) *La fiancée anonyme.* Par Edouard Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Un an d'épreuve.* Par Mary Floran. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

not beyond all conjecture. Like much else in the editor's commentary, they little accord with the philosophic tone of Ogilvie's treatise.

The fifth, and last, volume of Mr. Archer's translation of Ibsen's *Prose Dramas* (Walter Scott) has appeared. The plays which it contains, *Rosmersholm*, *The Lady from the Sea*, and *Hedda Gabler*, have all been reviewed at length here in other translations.

In his *History of Commerce in Europe* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. H. de B. Gibbins sets forth the leading facts of the historical course of the development of commerce in Europe, from the first trading enterprises of the Phœnicians to the present time. The book is intended primarily for commercial classes in schools, and is the first volume of a series of elementary "Commercial Class-books" under the editorship of Dr. James Gow. Mr. Gibbins has very conveniently arranged his book in sections, and upon these sections has based useful tables of questions which form altogether a capital index to the thoroughness of his work. He has with excellent judgment dealt with the hindrances to development that commerce has suffered, and not confined his narrative to a connected statement of progress. Thus we find the operations of treaties and the influence of wars duly noted. The maps of trade routes, spheres of commercial centres, and so forth, will be found very serviceable.

The new volume of the *Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) displays the diversity of themes that appeal to the antiquarian mind and provides a handy record of the proceedings of local societies and other matters that concern the world of archaeologists. Mr. R. C. Hope continues from the previous volume his interesting notes on the legendary lore of "Holy Wells." Of the excitement caused in York by the advance of the Jacobite army "in the forty-five" we have some striking evidence in the series of letters communicated by Mr. W. H. Garforth.

The "Albion" edition of *Whittier's Poetical Works* (Warne & Co.) is a solid volume, printed in double columns of good clear type, with notes and a brief memoir. The collection appears to be complete. It comprises, beyond any doubt, all the best work of the poet.

The urgent want of good and varied literature for the blind was not, we believe, a subject debated at the recent Demographic Congress, though the training of the blind was among the topics discussed. We are glad to know that to meet this want the Braille Book Society has been formed, with Miss Florence Nevill as acting editor, and Miss Jessie H. Hayllar as secretary. Everybody will agree with the editor of the Society that "the blind need books more than people with sight." The address of the Braille Book Society is 3 Victoria Mansions, Hove, Brighton.

Mr. A. Bickersteth's *Outlines of Roman History* (Sampson Low & Co.) embody a somewhat novel scheme of dates and events, tabulated in four sheets, representative of four periods of Roman history. They are designed to accompany historical text-books, to be kept open, as maps are used, by the side of the pupil as he studies his book. They have undoubtedly a certain illustrative value, and may assist and strengthen the memory.

Geography could scarcely be presented in more condensed form than in the *Outlines of Geography* (Percival & Co.) by Messrs. A. A. Somerville and R. W. White Thomson. Anything approaching explanation or comment is rigidly excluded. In the main the book is composed of lists of names, with the necessary facts stated in the briefest style. It is left to the teacher to "complete this framework," as the compilers remark. The maps, however, should lighten the teacher's labours, for they are admirably suited to the scheme of the book.

Hypnotism and Hypnotic Suggestion (Renshaw) are two pamphlets by Mr. Augustus Nicoll, who argues that there is nothing to cause alarm in the practice of hypnotism by suggestion. In *Hypnotism* the different methods and theories of the Nancy school and that of Paris are described and contrasted.

From Messrs. Percival & Co. we have received a set of forty *Test Cards in Applied Mechanics*, by Mr. George Plant, with answers to the test problems and questions printed on similar cards, all contained in a handy case. These cards are very comprehensive in scope, and are designed as supplementary to a course of study in applied mechanics.

We have also received a new edition of *A Doubting Heart*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.); *Lessons on Common Subjects*, an elementary "science reader" (Blackie & Son); *Frank Farleigh* (Routledge), a cheap edition, with Cruikshank's illustrations; *Windsor Castle* (Routledge), a neat, well-printed edition of Harrison Ainsworth's novel, without Cruikshank's plates; *Fifty Bab Ballads*, illustrated by the author (Routledge); *The Humorous Side of Shorthand and Reporting*, by H. Thompson (Digby & Long); *The Two Standards*, by T. A. Walker, M.A. (Skeffington); and a new edition of *The Eastbourne Pictorial*.

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These excellent suites are fitted with every modern convenience—namely, hot and cold water, electric light and bells, visitors' lifts in operation night and day, and occupy the finest position in London, affording extensive views of the river (with the Surrey Hills in the distance) and the Embankment Gardens. They are also most conveniently and centrally situated with respect to the principal clubs, theatres, &c. The rooms are all finished to suit the wishes of incoming tenants, and the rentals include all rates, taxes, water supply, lighting and heating of the corridors and staircases, and the services of all the porters. The suites may be viewed at any time on application to the Superintendent, J. C. SUMMERSFIELD, at the office on the premises, or to HANFORD & SONS, Estate Agents, 1 Cockspur Street (late Waterloo House), S.W.

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EDUCATIONAL.

ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE,

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

SESSION 1891-92.

The SESSIONAL COURSE OF INSTRUCTION will commence on Thursday, October 1. The Chair will be taken by Professor CHRYSLER, M.B., and the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS delivered by Professor BROWN, C.B., at One P.M.

Lectures, Clinical and Pathological Demonstrations, and General Instruction are given on the Comparative Pathology and Diseases of the Horse and other Domestic Animals, including Epizootics, Parasites, and Parasitic Affections; also on Bacteriology, Physiology, Histology, Chemistry (General and Practical), Materia Medica, Toxicology, Botany, Therapeutics, and Pharmacy, Hospital Practice, Obstetrics, Operative Surgery, the Principles and Practice of Shoeing, &c.

Students are required to attend Three Complete Sessional Courses of Instruction before being eligible for examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The College Entrance Fee of Sixty Guineas, payable as a whole or in the following proportions: Twenty Guineas on entry, Twenty Guineas at the end of the first period of Study, and Twenty Guineas at the end of the second period of Study, confers the right of attendance on all the Lectures and Collegiate Instruction during the prescribed Terms of Study.

The Matriculation Examination will be held at the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 23 and 24, at Ten A.M. Candidates must attend on Tuesday, 22nd, for the purpose of paying the fees.

A Scholarship of £25 per annum, terminable for two years, dating from October 1891, will be awarded at the close of the Summer Term of 1892; and an additional Scholarship of the same amount in each succeeding year. A "Centenary" Scholarship, of the value of £21, will also be awarded annually.

Medals and Certificates of Merit are awarded, in addition to the Coleman Prize Medals and Certificates.

Class Prizes are given in each division of the Student's studies.

Certificates of Distinction are likewise conferred on Students who pass a superior examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

A Prospectus containing the Rules and Regulations of the College, and copies of the Matriculation Examination Papers set last Session, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

August 1891.

RICHARD A. N. POWYS,
Secretary.

THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1891-92.

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

The NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Wednesday, September 30, 1891.

A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days and hours, fees, entrance and other scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. CORNISH, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d., by post, 8d.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, at the College.

R. S. HEATH, Principal.
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The DEPARTMENTS of ARTS, SCIENCE, and ENGINEERING, and the NORMAL DEPARTMENTS for INTERMEDIATE and ELEMENTARY TEACHERS, will open on a Friday, October 3, 1891. The Lectures and Classes are open to Men and Women.

For Prospectuses and information concerning Scholarships, &c., apply to

University College, Cardiff.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

August 11, 1891.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

COUNTY OF GLAMORGAN.

The COUNCIL of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire is prepared to APPOINT a STAFF of TRAVELLING TEACHERS in TECHNICAL SUBJECTS for the County of Glamorgan:—

A LECTURER IN MATHEMATICS AND THEORETICAL MECHANICS.

A LECTURER IN CHEMISTRY AND METALLURGY.

A LECTURER IN GEOLOGY AND MINING.

ONE OR TWO LECTURERS IN MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

The stipend of each Lecturer will be £300 per annum, together with travelling expenses. Applications, together with testimonials and references, should be sent in not later than Tuesday, September 8, 1891, to the undersigned, from whom further information is regard to the duties of the Staff may be obtained.

Cardiff, August 12, 1891.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

COUNTY OF MONMOUTH.

The COUNCIL of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire is prepared to APPOINT a DIRECTOR of the STAFF of TRAVELLING TEACHERS in TECHNICAL SUBJECTS, to be established under the provisions of the scheme of the Technical Instruction Committee of the County of Monmouth. The stipend of the Director will be £350 per annum. Candidates for the post must send in their applications, together with testimonials and references, to the undersigned, on or before Tuesday, September 8, 1891. For further information, and for copies of the above Scheme, apply to

Cardiff, August 12, 1891.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The COUNCIL of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire is prepared to APPOINT a LECTURER in GEOLOGY. The stipend of the Lecturer will be £300 per annum. Applications, together with testimonials and references, should be forwarded on or before Tuesday, September 15, 1891. For further information apply to

Cardiff, August 12, 1891.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of SOUTH WALES and MONMOUTHSHIRE, CARDIFF.

The COUNCIL of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire is prepared to APPOINT a PROFESSOR of MINING. The stipend of the Professor will be £500 per annum. Applications, together with testimonials and references, should be forwarded on or before Tuesday, September 15, 1891. For further information apply to

Cardiff, August 12, 1891.

IVOR JAMES, Registrar.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE and FARM, CIRENCESTER.

Established by Royal Charter 1840, for Land Owners, and Farmers, Land Agents, Surveyors, Intending Colonists, &c. Practical and Scientific Instruction in Agriculture and Dairy Farming, Estate Management, Forestry, &c. &c.

For Prospectus, with list of Professors, particulars of Farm and Dairy, Courses of Instruction, Scholarships, Diplomas, &c., apply to the PRINCIPAL.

The SESSION begins on Tuesday, October 13, 1891.

WORTHING COLLEGE, SUSSEX.—Large premises on Seaboard. NEXT TERM, September 18. Pupils met at Victoria.—Apply to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1891-92 will OPEN on Thursday, October 1, when the Prizes will be distributed at 3 P.M., by Sir G. M. HUMPHRY, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 100 guineas and 500 respectively, open to all first-year students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 26, 28, and 29, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without charge.

The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of Local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their homes.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RANDALL.

G. H. MAKINS, Dean.
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ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
PADDINGTON, W.

The WINTER SESSION begins on October 1, with an Introductory Address at 4 P.M. by Mr. H. JULIUS. The Annual Dinner will be held the same evening, Brigade-Surgeon ARTHUR MYERS, Scots Guards, in the chair.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

One of £105 } will be awarded by Examination on September 21 and 25,
Five of £50 10s. } at 10 A.M.
Two of which are specially open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge.
The school has all the requisite Laboratories and appliances, and provides complete preparation for all the Examining Boards and for the higher Examinations and Degrees of the Universities.

The Residential College is at 33 and 35 Westbourne Terrace, W. Students received at a charge of £60 for the Academic year. Warden, E. W. ROUGHTON, M.D. and B.S. Lond., F.R.C.S.

HOSPITAL STAFF.

Consulting Physician—Sir EDWARD SIEVEKING.
Consulting Surgeons—Mr. S. A. LANE, Mr. H. SPENCER SMITH.
Physicians—Dr. BROADBENT, Dr. CHEADLE, Dr. LEES.
Physicians to Out-Patients—Dr. PHILLIPS, Dr. MAGUIRE, Dr. LUFF.
Surgeons—Mr. NORTON, Mr. OWEN, Mr. PAGE.
Surgeons to Out-Patients—Mr. PEPPER, Mr. SILCOCK, Mr. J. E. LANE.
Physician Accoucheur—Dr. BRAXTON HICKS, F.R.S.
Physician Accoucheur to Out-Patients—Dr. MONTAGU HANDFIELD-JONES.
Ophthalmic Surgeons—Mr. CRITCHETT and Mr. JULIUS.
Aural Surgeon—Mr. FIELD.
Surgeon to the Skin Department—Mr. MALCOLM MORRIS.
Surgeon Dentist—Mr. MORTON SMALE.
Physician to the Throat Department—Dr. SPICER.
Aurologist—Mr. HENRY DAVIS.

OTHER LECTURERS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Physiology—Dr. WALLER.
Chemistry—Dr. ALDER WRIGHT, F.R.S. and Mr. LEON, B.Sc.
Comparative Anatomy—Dr. BOTTOMLEY.

EXTENSION OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL AND SCHOOL.

The land adjoining the Hospital, now covered by 23 houses, has lately been bought, and arrangements are now being made to build—(1) a new out-patients' department, and also in separate blocks—(2) a Residential College for Students—(3) new Special Wards—(4) a Nurses' Home, and—(5) well-isolated Wards for Lying-in Women. The latter, now that there is a general outcry for the more thorough instruction of medical students in the practice of midwifery, will be a most valuable addition to the facilities for teaching.

This will add 100 beds to the Hospital, making 361 in all.
Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously consented to lay the Foundation Stone of the New Building. The estimated cost of this great addition to the Hospital and School is £100,000.

The Prospectus may be had on application to the School Secretary, Mr. F. H. MADDEN, G. P. FIELD, Dean, A. P. LUFF, M.D., Sub-Dean.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Thursday, October 1.
The Hospital is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, and contains nearly 800 beds. Number of in-patients 12,127; out-patients, 125,136; accidents, 8,847.
Surgical operations daily.

APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons, &c. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.—Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50 and two Buxton Scholarships, value £50 and £25, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

The Metropolitan, Metropolitan-District, East London, and South-Eastern Railway Stations are close to the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, Wardens.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,
HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Thursday, October 1, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. G. F. BLANDFORD, at 4 P.M.
A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter, addressed to the DEAN, at the Hospital.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The WINTER SESSION, 1891-92, will COMMENCE on Thursday, October 1.
The Hospital has a service of 210 beds for Clinical Teaching, including those of the adjoining Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, to which General Students are free.

TWO ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of 100 Guineas and 50 Guineas respectively, are awarded annually in October.

A SCHOLARSHIP of the value of 50 Guineas is open to Students from the University of Oxford who have passed the 1st M.B. Examination, and to Students from the University of Cambridge who have passed the 2nd M.B. Examination, and who have not entered at any London Medical School.

Candidates for the above Scholarships are required to give notice to the Librarian of their intention to compete on or before Saturday, September 19.

FEES.—For the curriculum of study required by the various Examining Bodies and Hospital Practice, 90 guineas in one sum, or 100 guineas in five instalments.
The composition fee for Dental Students is 54 Guineas in one sum, or 60 Guineas, payable in two instalments of 30 Guineas each.

A reduction will be made in the case of students who produce Certificates on joining the School of previous attendance on Chemistry, Practical Chemistry, and Materia Medica, and an additional reduction is made to Dental Students not at present requiring Practical Physiology.

The hours of lectures have been specially arranged to suit the convenience of Dental Students. Charing Cross Hospital is within three minutes' walk of the Dental Hospital of London.

A Prospectus, containing much additional information, will be forwarded on application to the Librarian and Secretary, Mr. J. FRANCIS FINE, at the Office of the School, Chandos Street, Charing Cross, between the hours of Ten and Four.

STANLEY BOYD, Dean.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Two Open Scholarships in Arts (100 Guineas and 50 Guineas), and Two Open Scholarships in Science (125 Guineas and 50 Guineas), are offered for competition on Thursday, September 24, and the two following days.

For further particulars apply to the DEAN.

CRYSTAL PALACE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE—LADIES' DIVISION.
The THIRTY-SECOND SESSION, 1891-92, opens on October 1.

Education of the highest class for Ladies, by Tutorial Instruction, Private Lessons, and University Lectures and Classes; the Art and Scientific Collections of the Crystal Palace being utilized for Practical Education by distinguished instructors.

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Superintendent Educational Department.

CRYSTAL PALACE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.
The NEXT TERM opens on September 7.

I. MECHANICAL COURSE. II. CIVIL ENGINEERING SECTION.
III. COLONIAL DIVISION. For preliminary practical training of Young Men for Colonial Life.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MARINE, AND MINING DIVISIONS.
Prospectus of the undersigned in the Library, next Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.

F. K. J. SHENTON, F.R.Hist.S.,

Superintendent Educational Department.

HEAD-MASTERSHIP.—ROYAL INSTITUTION SCHOOL,
LIVERPOOL.—REVISED NOTICE.—The COMMITTEE will proceed, in September next, to FILL the above VACANCY caused by the appointment of Mr. E. H. CULLEY to the Head-Mastership of Marnmouth School. Salary, £400 per annum, with a capitation fee of £3 a boy. No house. Applications and testimonials should be sent, if possible, not later than September 1, to the SECRETARY, who will supply necessary information.

EVERSLEY, EASTBOURNE.—Sea air, refined home, high-class Education. Principal, Mrs. DASH, Widow of the late Rev. Frederick Dash. Sound Christian influence, signal success at the University and Musical Examinations. French always spoken under two resident French Mistresses. Gymnasium, Swimming, Tennis, Riding. Social evening once a week, for recreation, music, recitations, &c., with late dinner. Superior school cuisine. Slightly higher fees for elder girls having private bedrooms and late dinner every evening. According to request, Mrs. Dash begs to say, she receives girls not requiring the regular School Course during the summer months.

The HALF-TERM, June 17. Fees from date of entrance.

MISS BRAHAM will RE-OPEN her SCHOOL on Friday, September 18. The BOYS are prepared for the ordinary and scholarship Examinations of the Public Schools. Inclusive fees, 80 to 100 Guineas a year. Pixholme, Dorking.

AUTUMN HOLIDAYS.—Bavarian Highlands, Mountains, Lakes, Royal Palaces, &c.—September and October, beautiful months. Route: Harwich, Munich, Garmisch (station), inexpensive. First Class English Pension. Mrs. BETHEL, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavaria. Pension in Italy from October.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The READING-ROOM and NEWS-PAPER-ROOM will be CLOSED from Tuesday, September 1, to Friday, September 4 inclusive. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian and Secretary, British Museum, August 27, 1891.

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The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old, Destitute, and Friendless.

600 Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.

Subscriptions and Donations are urgently needed to reduce this heavy list and to relieve many from destitution.

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W. E. DENNY, Secretary.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's
Fields, Southwark.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Upwards of 750 Blind People receive the benefits of this Charity. Candidates, totally blind, between the ages of 7 and 30, are elected by votes of Subscribers, and (free of all costs) are received for about six years, during which they are taught a trade, and to read, write, and cipher; a few having marked ability being trained as Organists. An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscription 10 Guineas.

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FUNDS are earnestly requested for the Junior Branch School erected at Wandsworth Common.

R. P. STICKLAND, M.A., Chaplain and Secretary.

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for the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

Established 1807.

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The patients (numbering now about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, from children a month old to adults over 90. Over 40,000 patients have been relieved since the formation of the charity up to the present date.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 75 Lombard Street; and by the Secretary at the Institution.

JOHN NORBURY, Treasurer.

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary.

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 For particulars apply to the Secretary,
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Investments per Balance-sheet at December 31, 1890.....	£1,181,434
	£4,264,730

Directors.

H. J. BRISTOWE, Esq.
 The Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, Bart., G.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., M.P.
 The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN E. GORST, Q.C., M.P.
 The Rt. Hon. A. J. MUNDELLA, M.P.
 Sir GEORGE RUSSELL, Bart., M.P.
 THOMAS RUSSELL, Esq., C.M.G.
 Sir EDWARD W. STAFFORD, G.C.M.G.

The Directors issue Terminable Debentures at par for £50 and upwards, bearing interest at 4 per cent. for five or six years, and 4½ per cent. for seven to ten years; and Four per Cent. Perpetual Debentures or Four per Cent. Debenture Stock at £25 per £100.
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Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D., President
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